THE GREAT GATSBY

A GRAPHIC NOVEL ADAPTATION

K. WOODMAN-MAYNARD

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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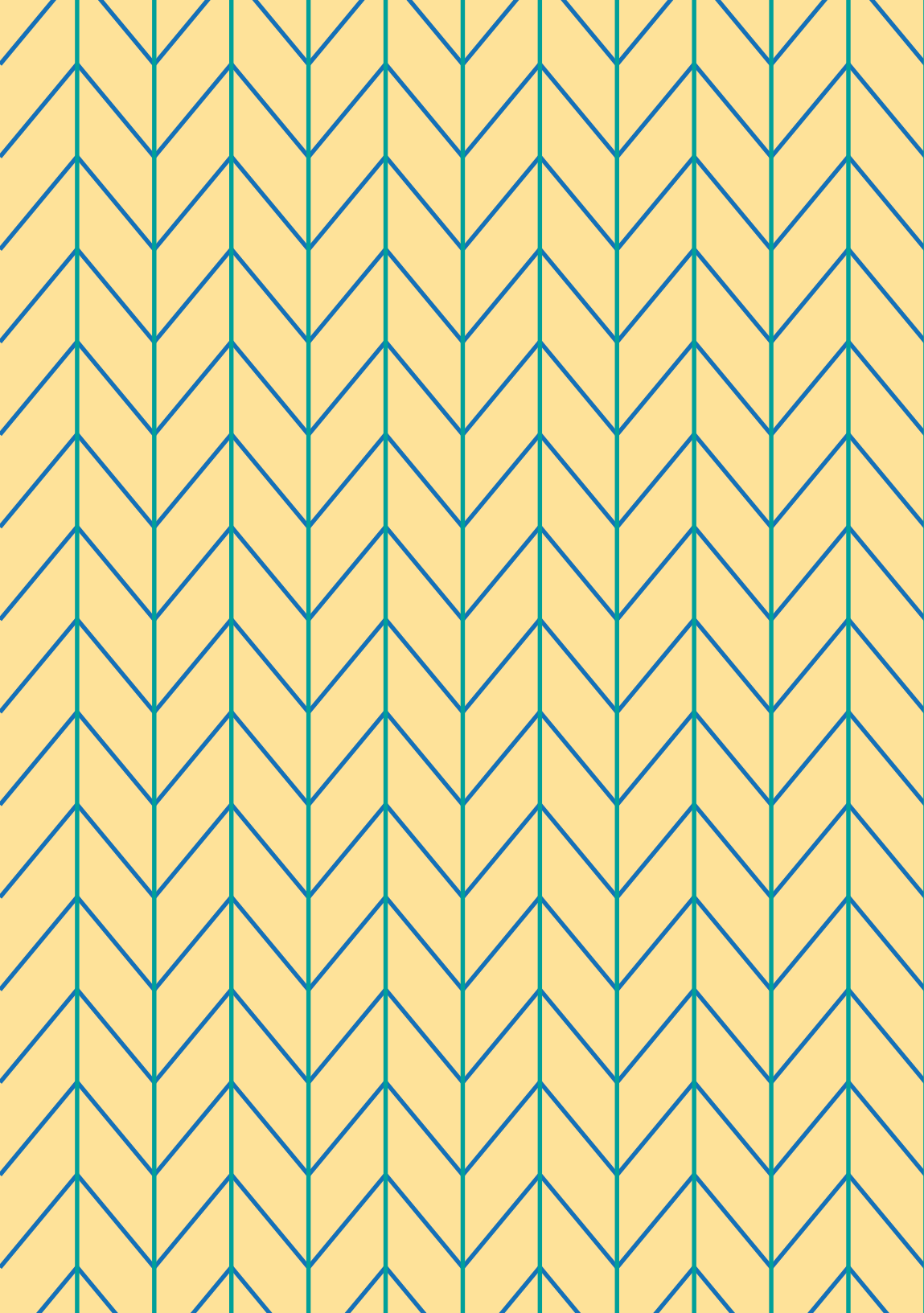

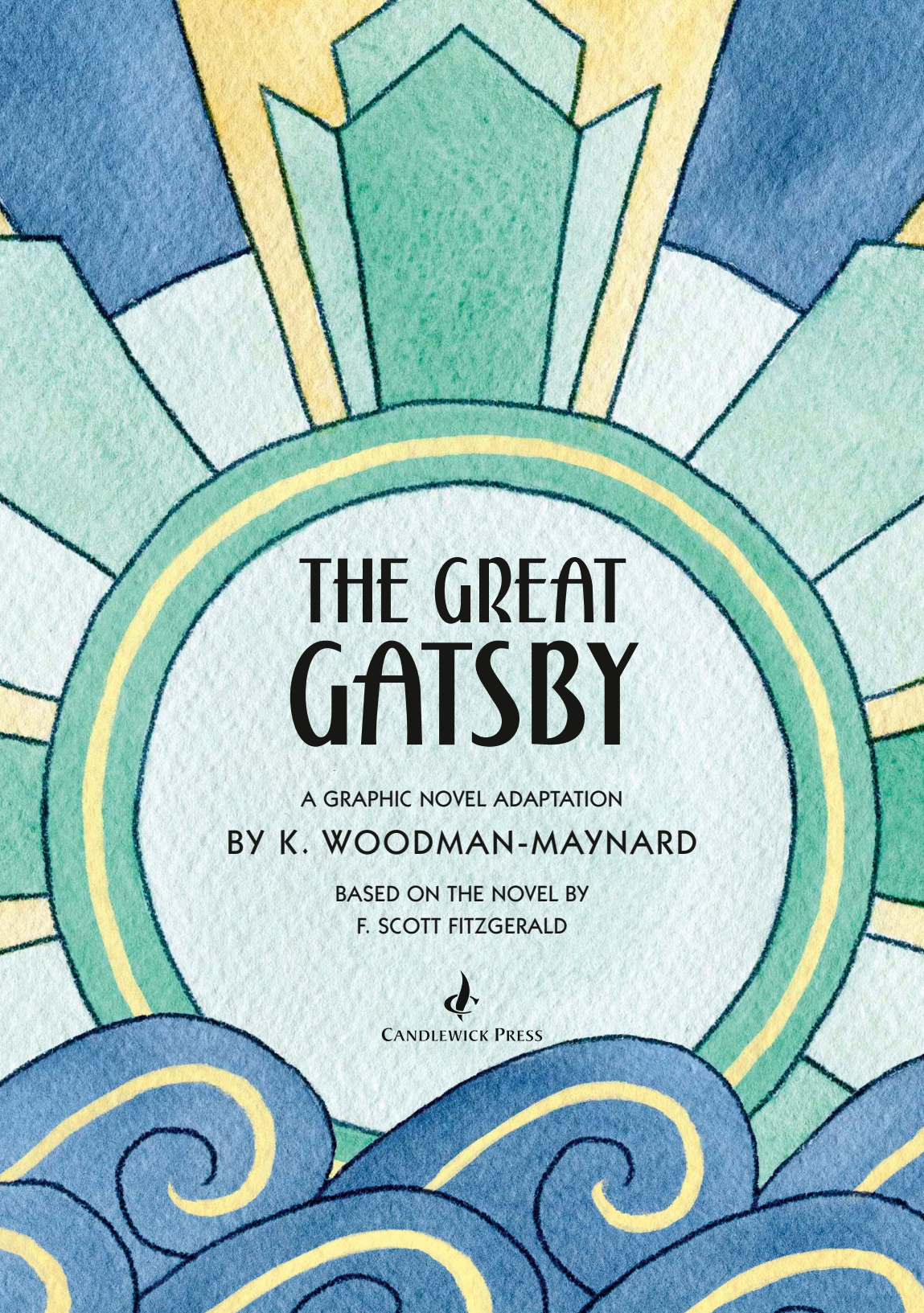
THE GREAT
GATSBY
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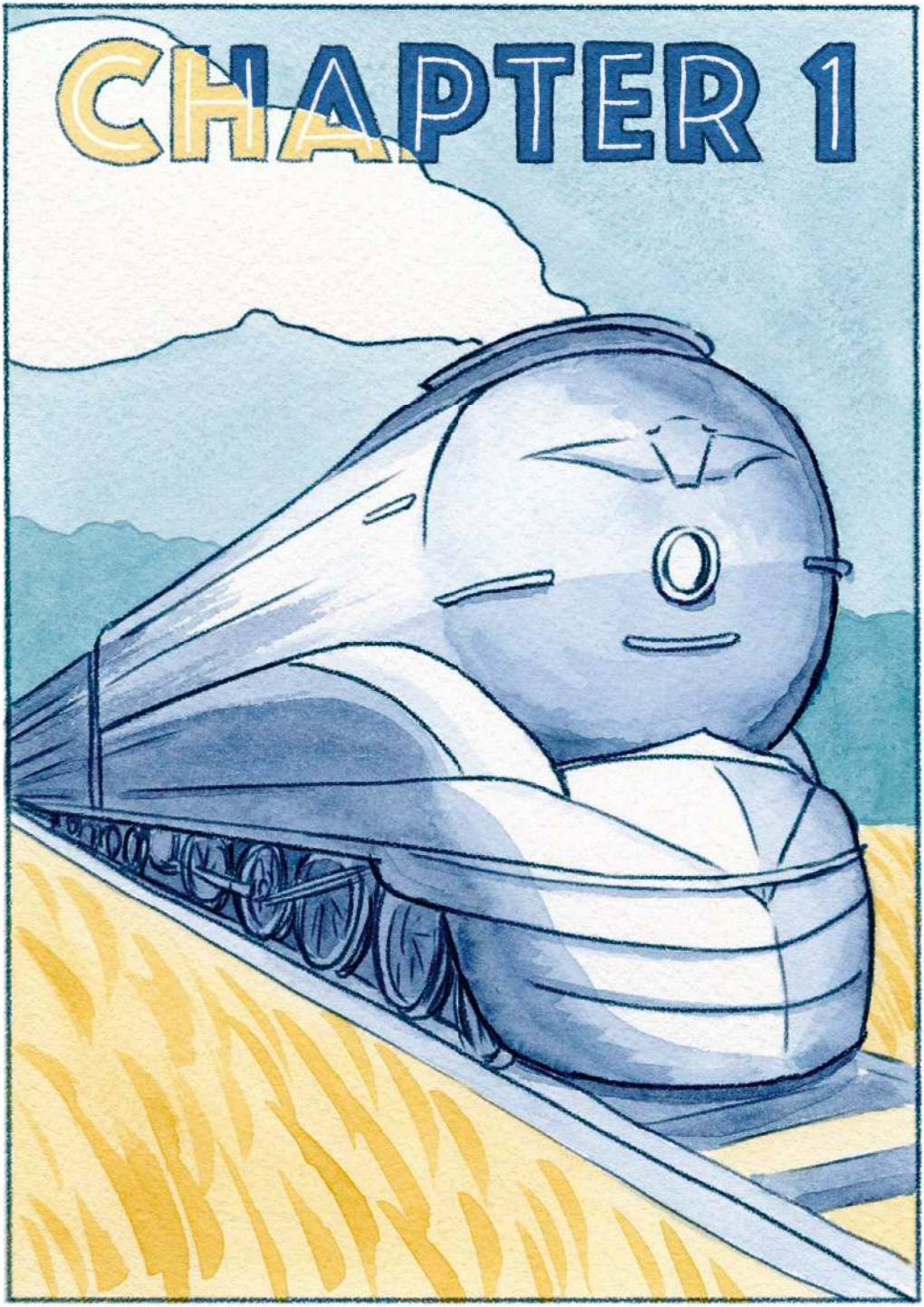
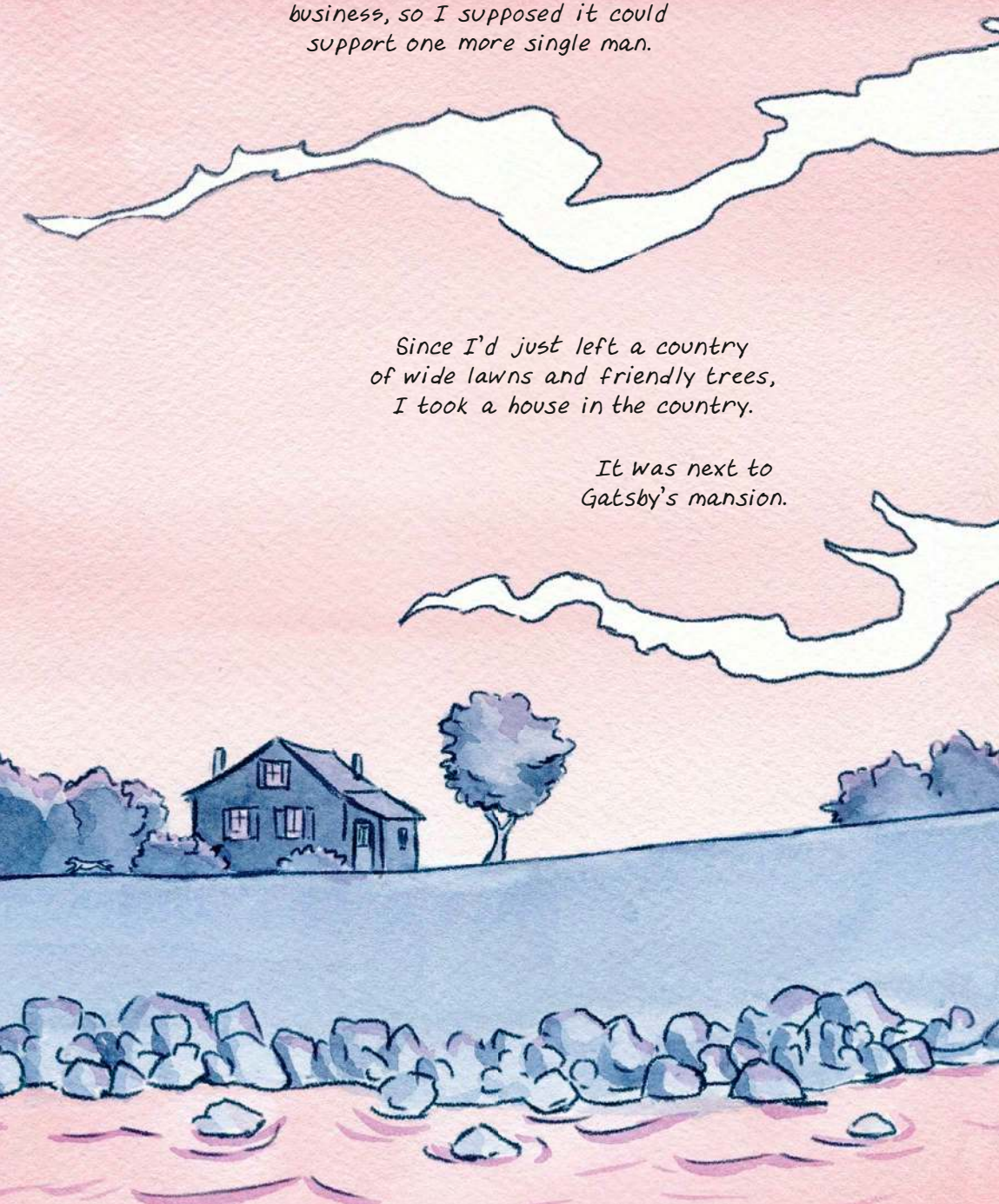
BY K. WOODMAN-MAYNARD
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
CANDLEWICK PRESS


CHAPTER 1

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice:
"Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone, just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."
I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me.
AND ALSO
MADE ME THE VICTIM OF NOT A FEW VETERAN BORES.

After the war, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe.

Everybody I knew was in the bond business, so I supposed it could support one more single man.

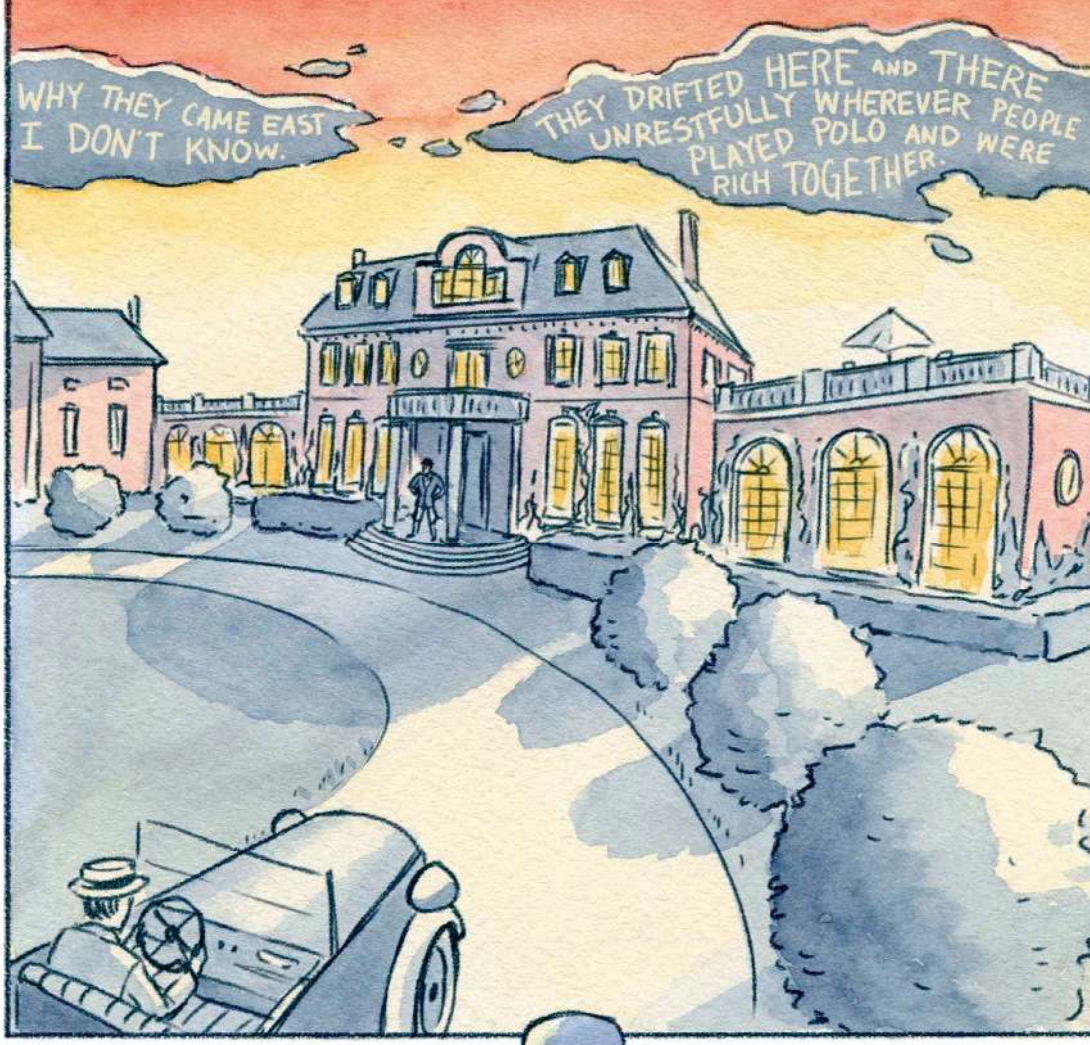


Since I'd just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, I took a house in the country.

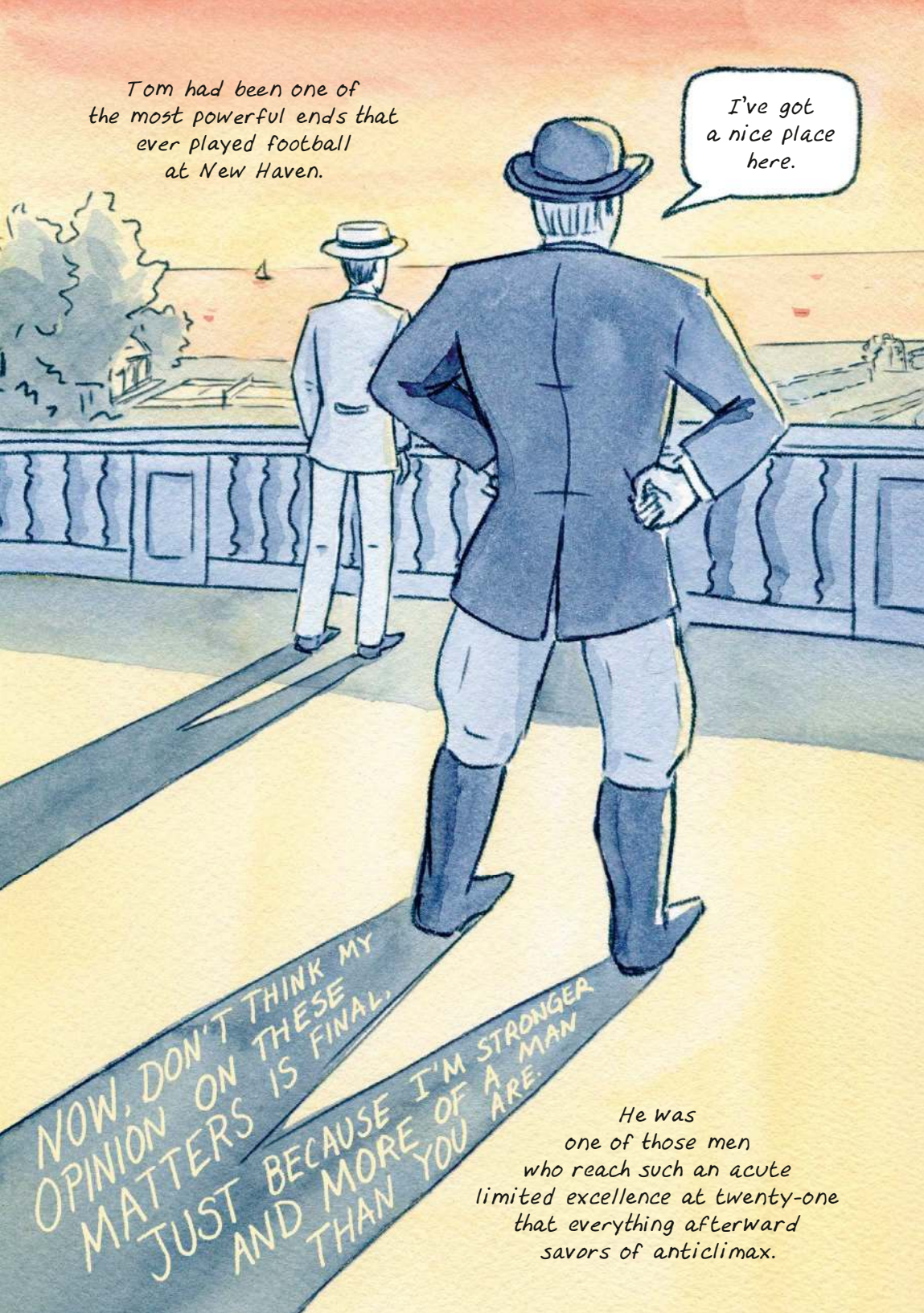
It was next to Gatsby's mansion.

Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

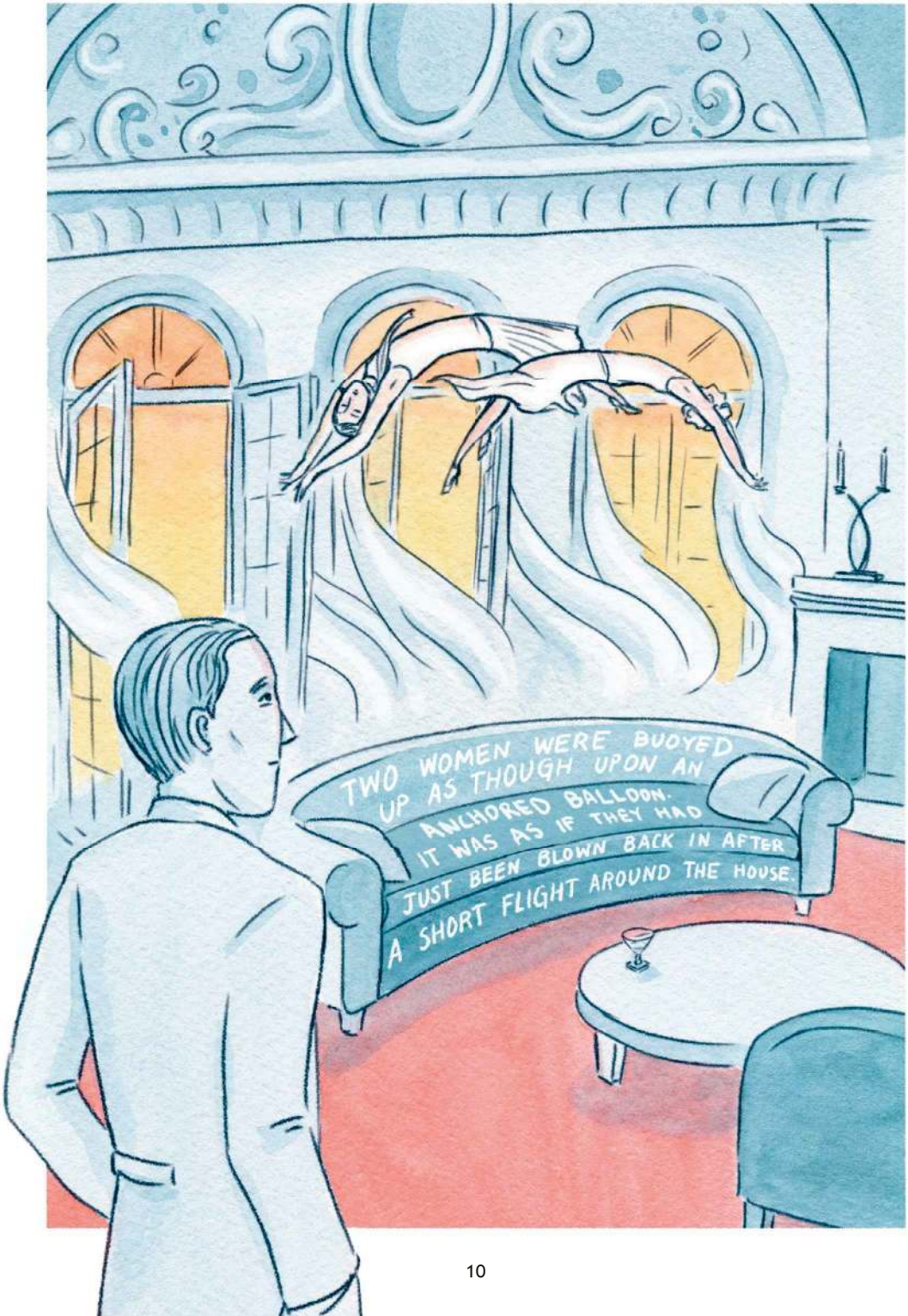
The history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over to East Egg to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans.

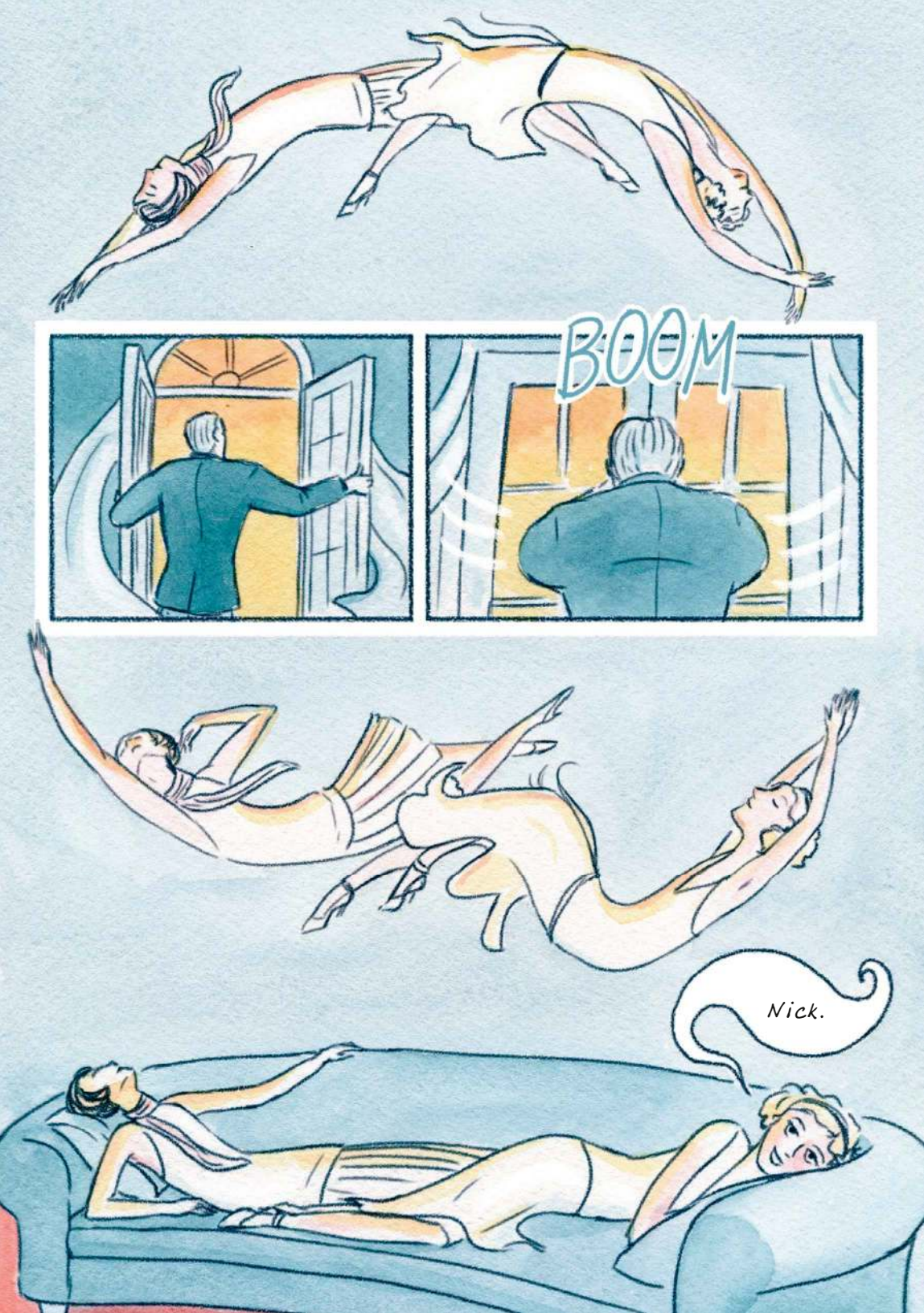

WHY THEY CAME EAST I DON'T KNOW.
THEY DRIFTED HERE AND THERE UNRESTFULLY WHEREVER PEOPLE PLAYED POLO AND WERE RICH TOGETHER.

Daisy was my second cousin, and I'd known Tom at Yale.
Old friends whom I scarcely knew at all.


Tom had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven.
I've got a nice place here.
NOW, DON'T THINK MY OPINION ON THESE MATTERS IS FINAL, JUST BECAUSE I'M STRONGER AND MORE OF A MAN THAN YOU ARE.
He was one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anticlimax.

His family was enormously wealthy—even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach.
Let's go find Daisy.


TWO WOMEN WERE BUOYED UP AS THOUGH UPON AN ANCHORED BALLOON. IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD JUST BEEN BLOWN BACK IN AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT AROUND THE HOUSE.


BOOM
Nick.

I'm p-paralyzed with happiness.
How was your trip East?
I stopped off in Chicago for a day. Dozens of friends send their love.
Do they miss me?
The whole town is desolate. There's a persistent wail of mourning all night along the North Shore.
How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom! Tomorrow!

I'm stiff.
Jordan's going to play in the tournament tomorrow.
JORDAN BAKER WAS A FAMOUS GOLFER. I'D HEARD A STORY ABOUT HER. SOMETHING UNPLEASANT, BUT I'D FORGOTTEN IT LONG AGO.
You live in West Egg. I know somebody there.
I don't know a single—
You must know Gatsby.
Gatsby? What Gatsby?
It's time for dinner.

Why candles? In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year. . . .

We ought to plan something.
All right.
What do people plan?

Look. I hurt it.
You did it, Tom. I know you didn't mean to, but you did do it.

That's what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a hulking—
I hate the word hulking. Even in kidding.
Hulking.

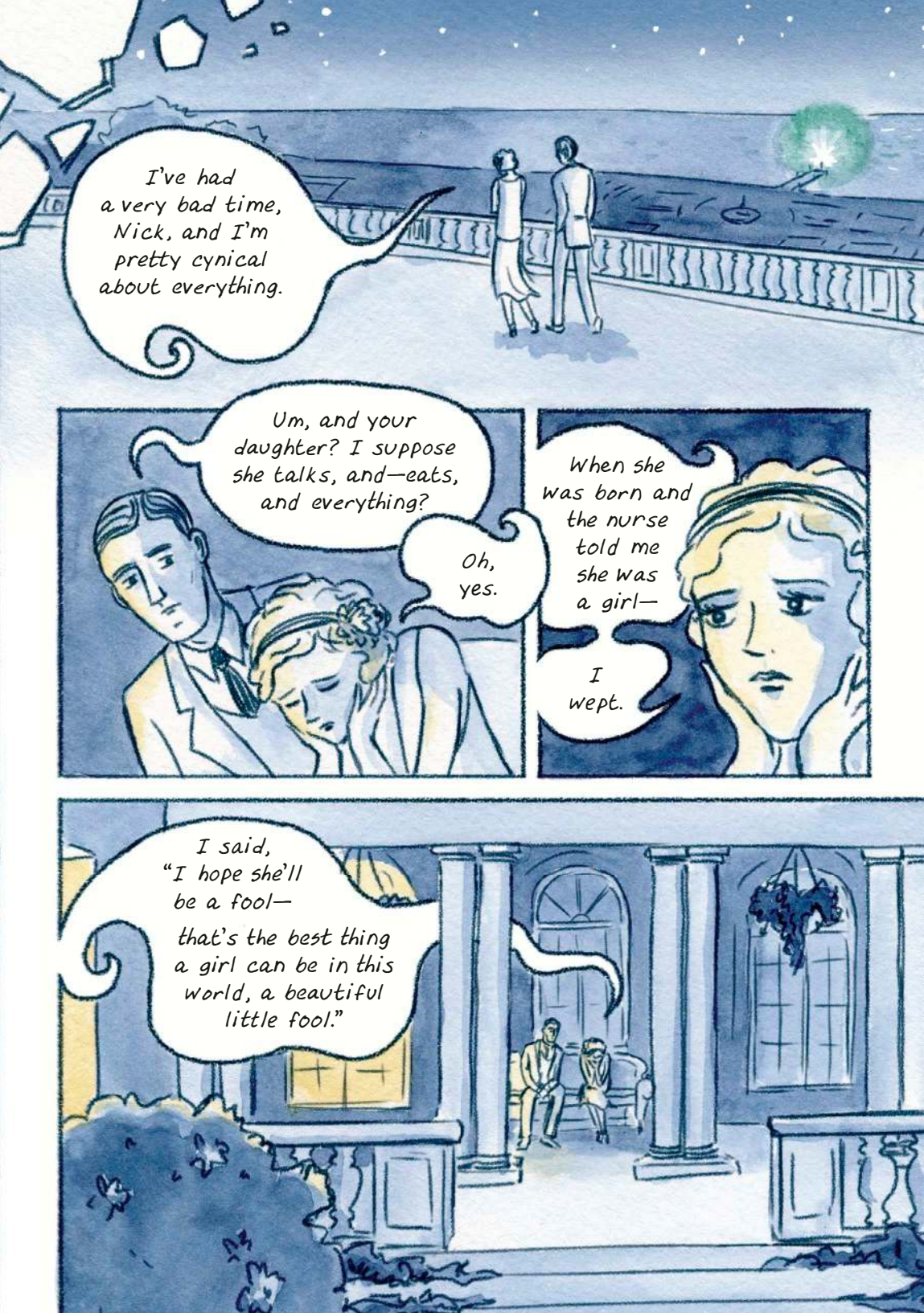
Civilization's going to pieces.
Have you read "The Rise of the Colored Empires" by this man Goddard?
Why, no.
It's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it.
Tom's getting very profound.
He reads deep books with long words in them. . . .

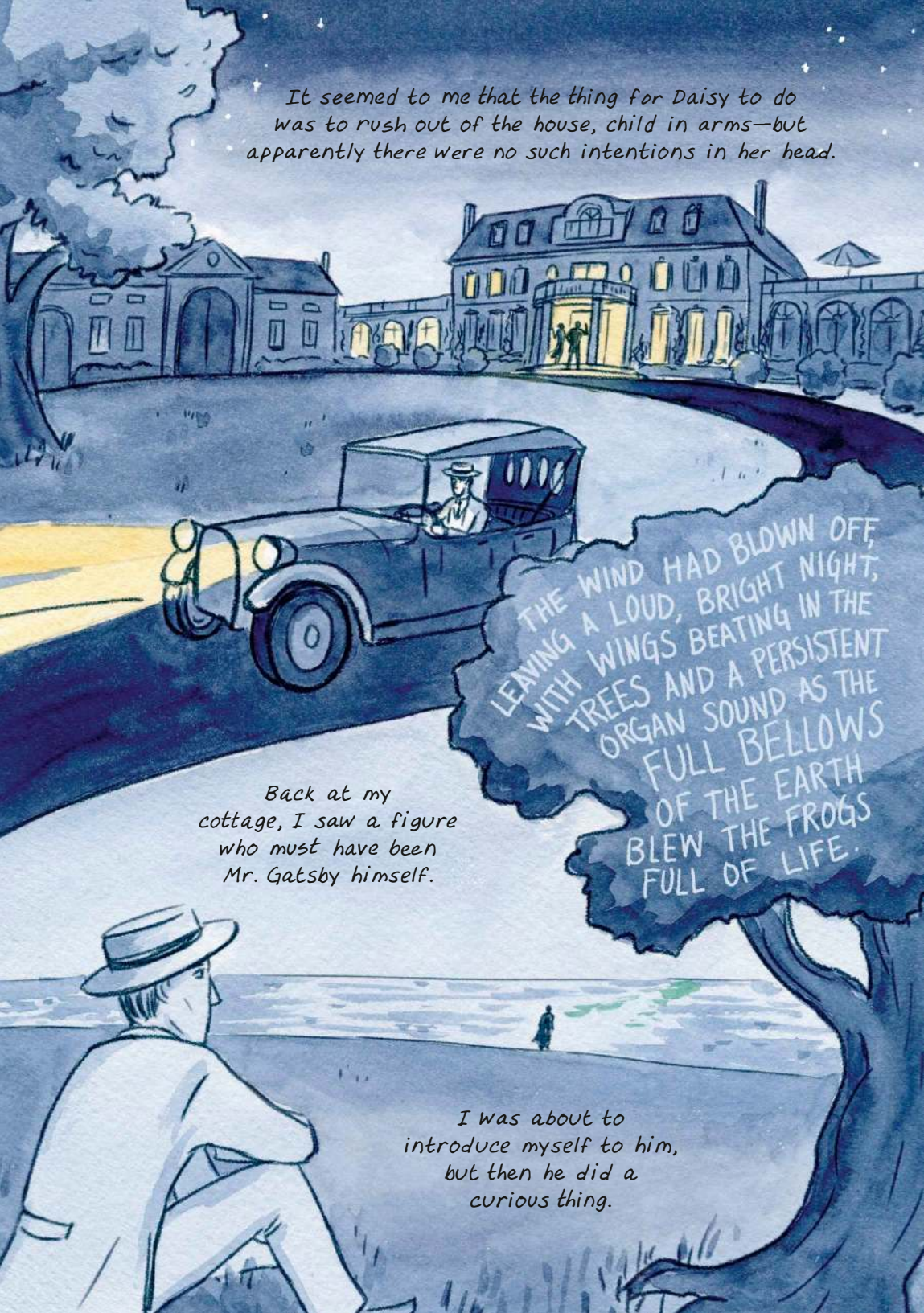
The idea is that if we don't look out, the white race will be utterly submerged.
It's all scientific stuff. It's been proved.
The idea is that we're Nordics. I am—
And you are.
And you are, and—
. . .
. . . you.
And we've produced all the things that make a civiliza—
RRING

RRRRR

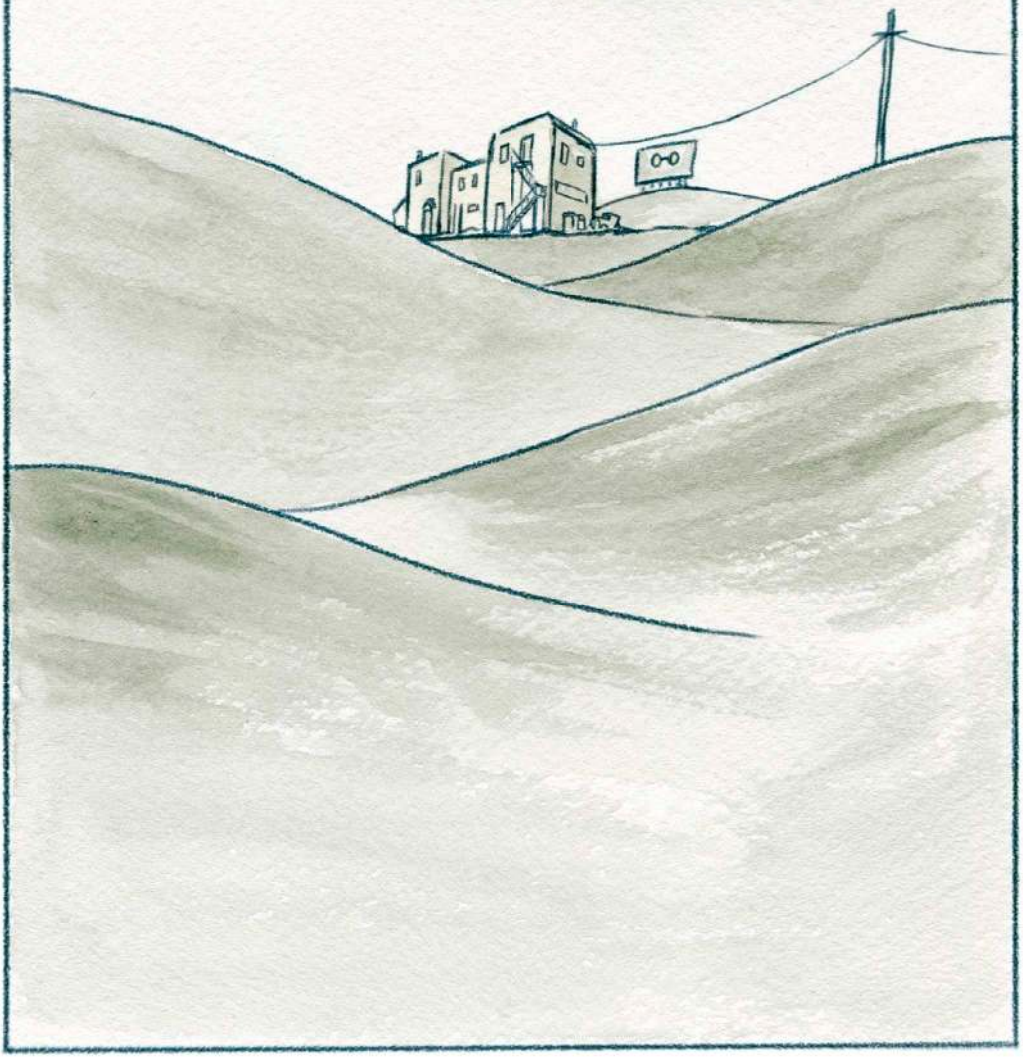
Please, excuse me. . . .

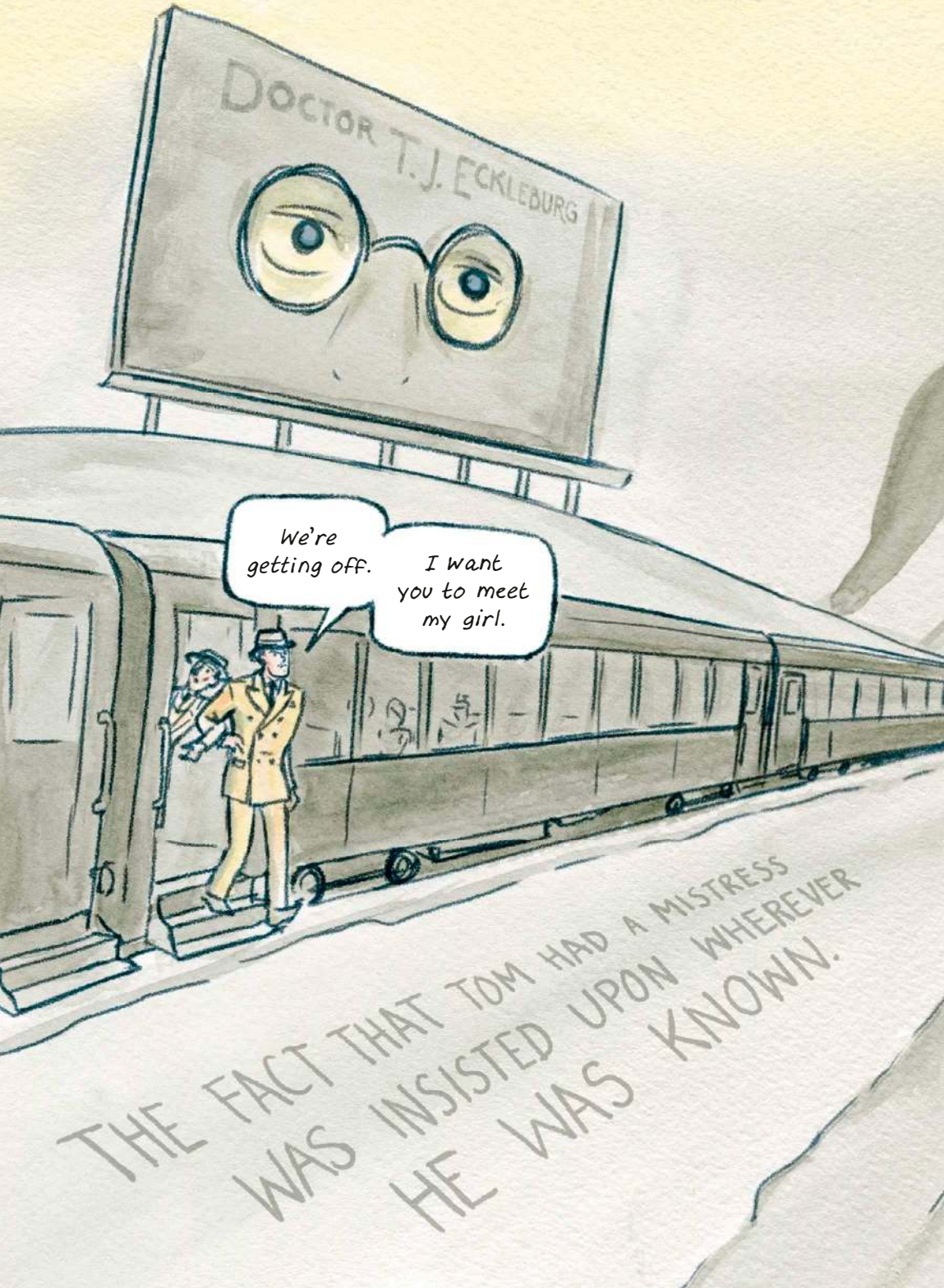
Uh, this Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor—
Shh. Don't talk. I want to hear what happens.
Is something happening?
I thought everybody knew. Tom's got some woman in New York.
THE FACT THAT TOM "HAD SOME WOMAN IN NEW YORK" WAS REALLY LESS SURPRISING THAN THAT HE HAD BEEN DEPRESSED BY A BOOK.
Sorry. It couldn't be helped!


I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything.
Um, and your daughter? I suppose she talks, and—eats, and everything?
Oh, yes.
When she was born and the nurse told me she was a girl—
I wept.
I said, "I hope she'll be a fool—
that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool."


It seemed to me that the thing for Daisy to do was to rush out of the house, child in arms—but apparently there were no such intentions in her head.
THE WIND HAD BLOWN OFF, LEAVING A LOUD, BRIGHT NIGHT, WITH WINGS BEATING IN THE TREES AND A PERSISTENT ORGAN SOUND AS THE FULL BELLOWS OF THE EARTH BLEW THE FROGS FULL OF LIFE.
Back at my cottage, I saw a figure who must have been Mr. Gatsby himself.
I was about to introduce myself to him, but then he did a curious thing.

CHAPTER 2



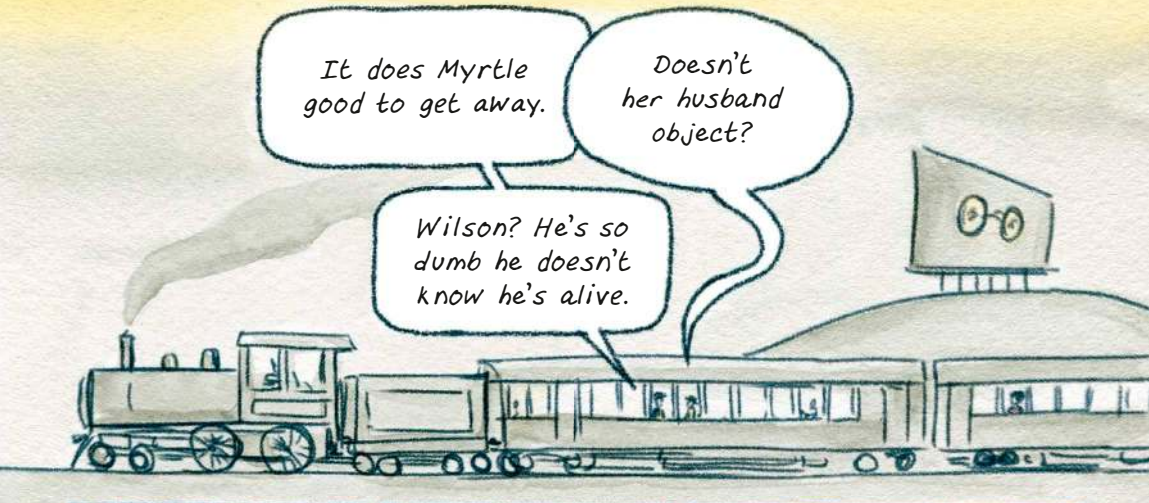

DOCTOR T.J. ECKLEBURG
We're getting off.
I want you to meet my girl.
THE FACT THAT TOM HAD A MISTRESS WAS INSISTED UPON WHEREVER HE WAS KNOWN.

REPAIRS
Cars Bought and Sold
GEORGE B. WILSON
THOUGH I WAS CURIOUS TO SEE HER, I HAD NO DESIRE TO MEET HER— BUT I DID.

Hello, Wilson, old man. How's business?
I can't complain.
When are you going to sell me that car?
Next week. I've got my man working on it now.
Works pretty slow, don't he?
No, he doesn't. And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.
I didn't mean that—

Get some chairs, why don't you, George?

I want to see you. Get on the next train.
All right.


It does Myrtle good to get away.
Doesn't her husband object?
Wilson? He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive.

I have to leave you here.

Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up to the apartment.

I'm going to have the McKees come up.
And, of course, I got to call up my sister, too. . . .
I'D ONLY BEEN DRUNK TWICE IN MY LIFE, AND THE SECOND TIME WAS THAT AFTERNOON

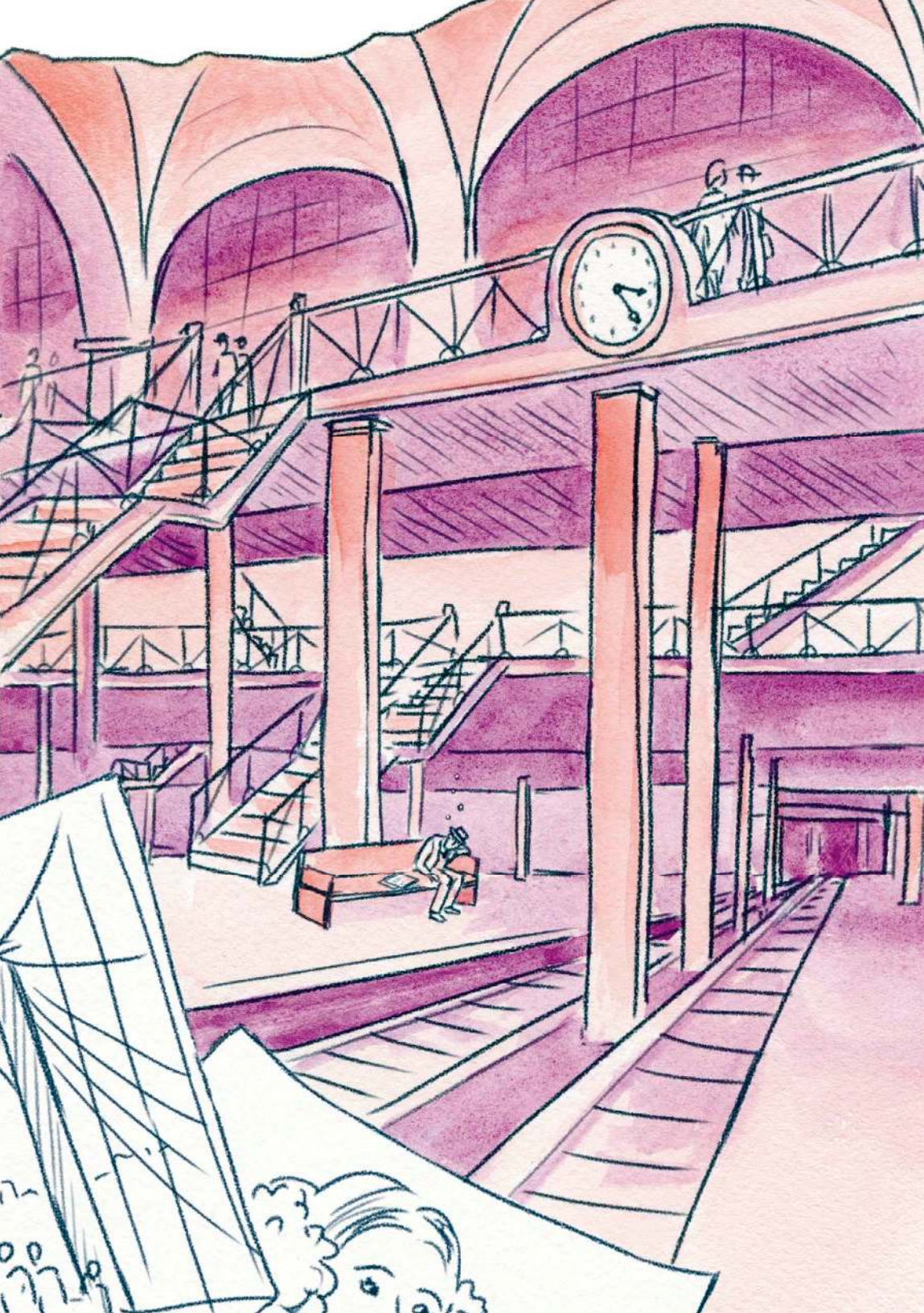
I like your dress. I think it's adorable.
It's just a crazy old thing. I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like.
But it looks wonderful on you.
If Chester could only get you in that pose, I think he could make something of it.
I've done some nice photos out on Long Island. I'd like to do more work out there— if I had an entry.
Ask Myrtle. She'll give you a letter of introduction to her husband. "George B. Wilson at the Gasoline Pump."

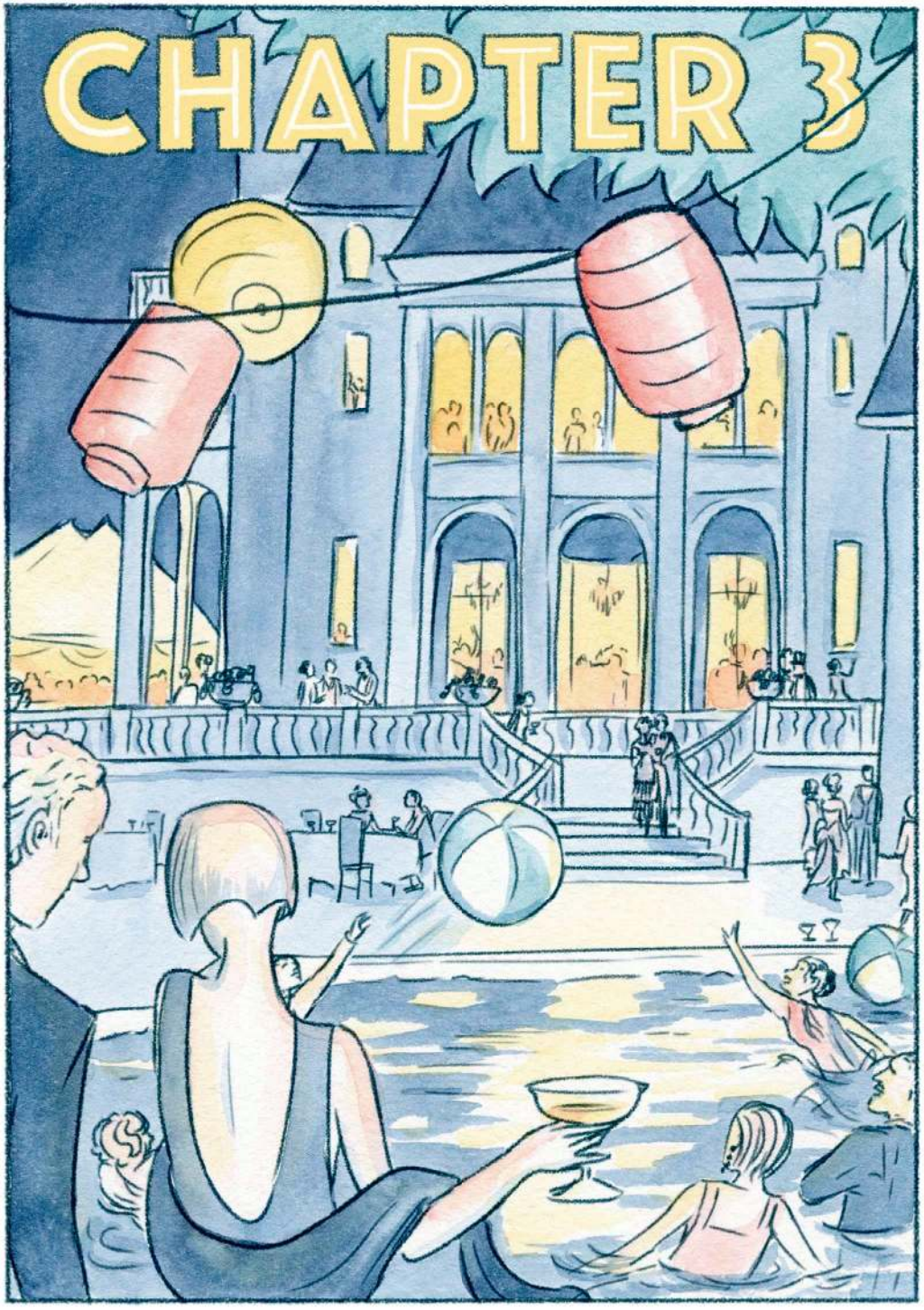
Neither of them can stand the person they're married to.
His wife's a Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce.
Daisy was not a Catholic.
So you live on Long Island ? I was down on West Egg for a party at a man named Gatsby's.
They say he's a nephew of Kaiser Wilhelm's.
I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me.
. . . Daisy.
Don't say her name.
DAISY! DAISY! DAISY!
I'll say it whenever I want to! DAISY! DAI—

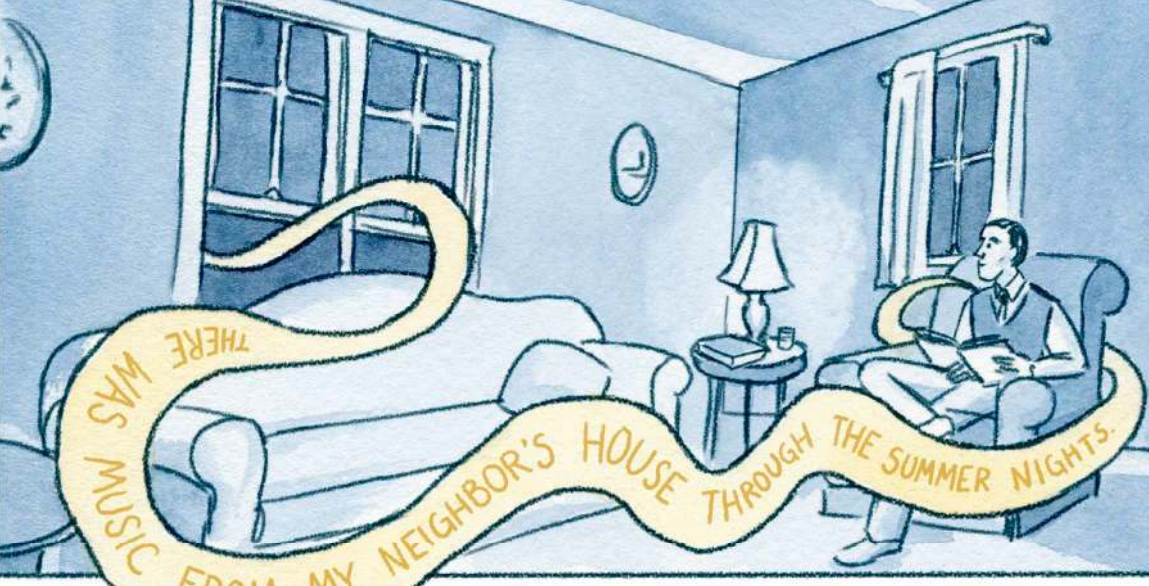
FFF-KRAK
Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand.

WWWAAAAHHHHHH
Come to lunch some day.
WWWAAAHHHHHHHHH
Where?
14
Anywhere.

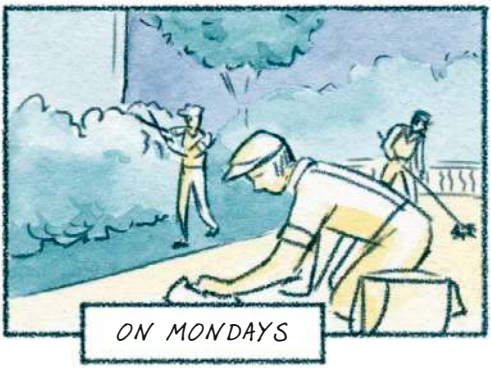
Beauty and the Beast . . .
Brook'n Bridge . . .
Loneliness . . .




CHAPTER 3



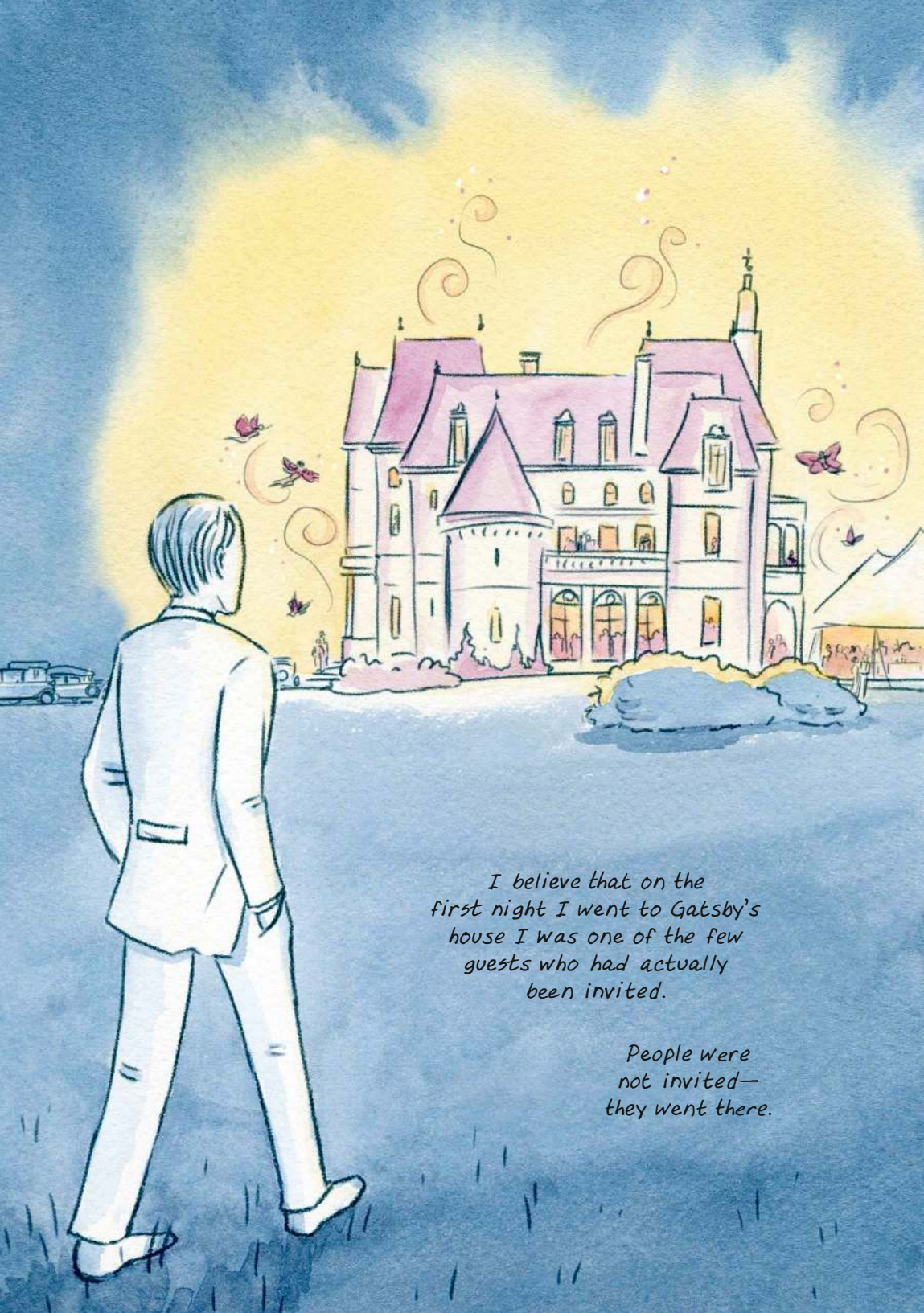
His Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city.



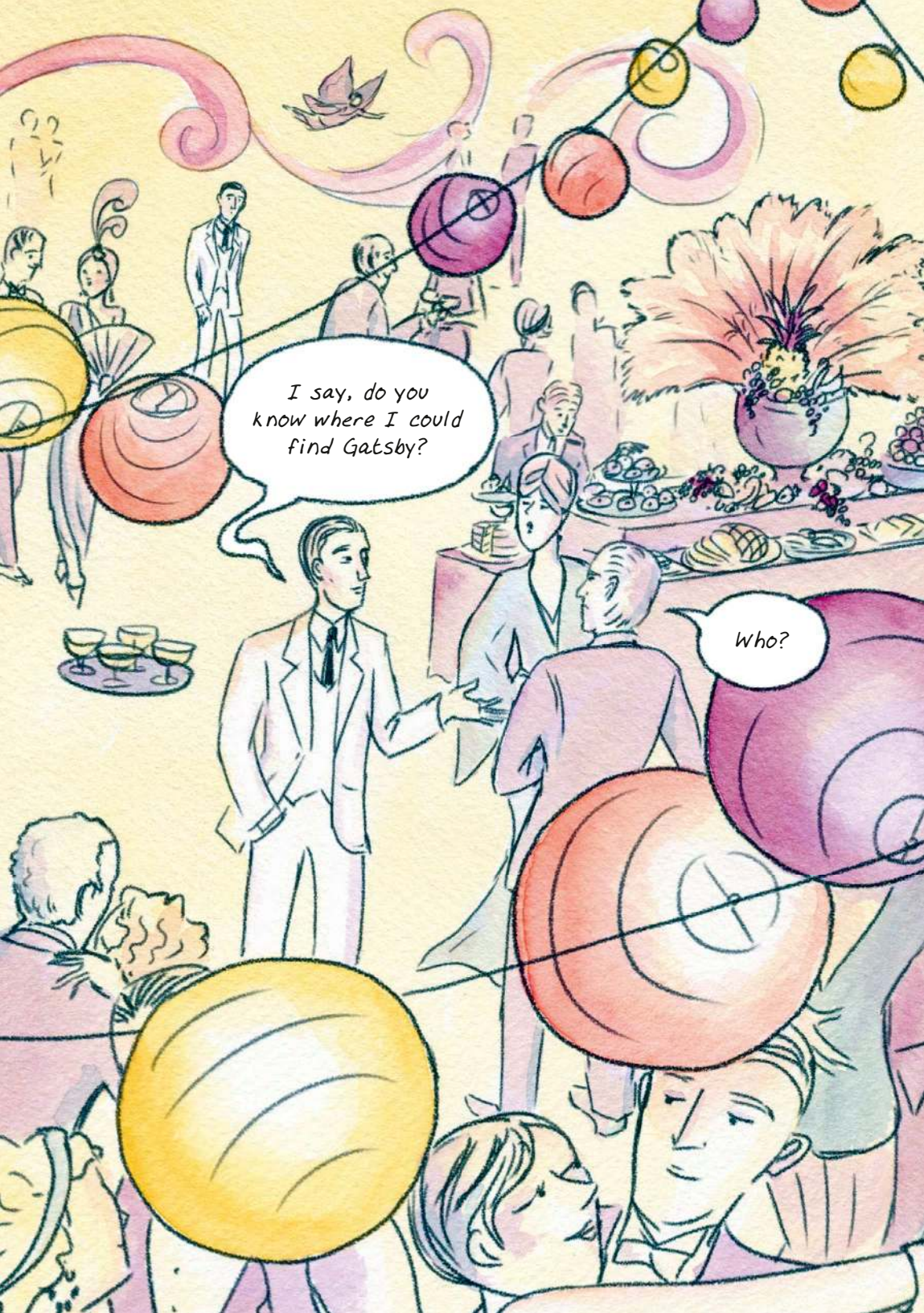
Eight servants toiled all day, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York.

These same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves.


I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited.
People were not invited— they went there.

I'd received a surprisingly formal note from Gatsby inviting me to his "little party."


I say, do you know where I could find Gatsby?
Who?

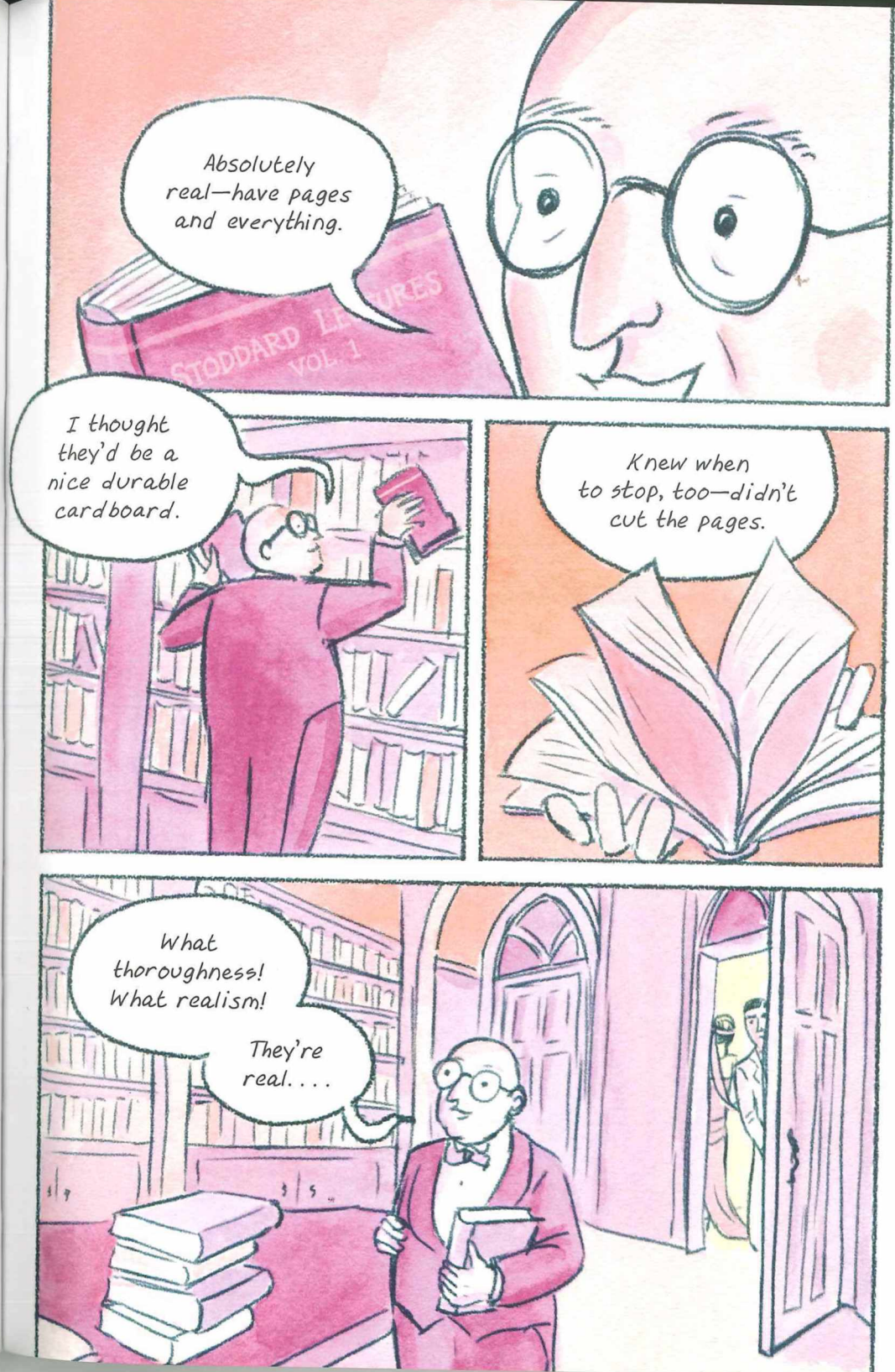
. . . Our host, Gatsby?

Miss Baker. Hello!
I thought you might be here.

Mr. Gatsby invited me, but I can't seem to find—
I heard Gatsby killed a man.

I heard he was a German spy. . . .
A bootlegger . . .
Come along. I'll help you find him.

Let's try in here.
They're real.
The books?

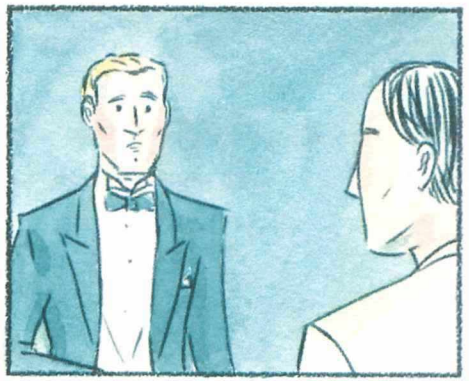

Absolutely real—have pages and everything.
I thought they'd be a nice durable cardboard.
Knew when to stop, too—didn't cut the pages.
What thoroughness! What realism!
They're real. . . .

Your face is familiar.
Weren't you in the Third Division during the war?

Why, yes, I was in the Ninth Machine-Gun Battalion.
I was in the Seventh Infantry until June 1918. . . .

I just bought a hydroplane and was going to try it in the morning.
Want to go with me, old sport?

Having fun now?
This is an unusual party for me. I haven't met the host.
I live just over there, and this man Gatsby sent over an invitation.



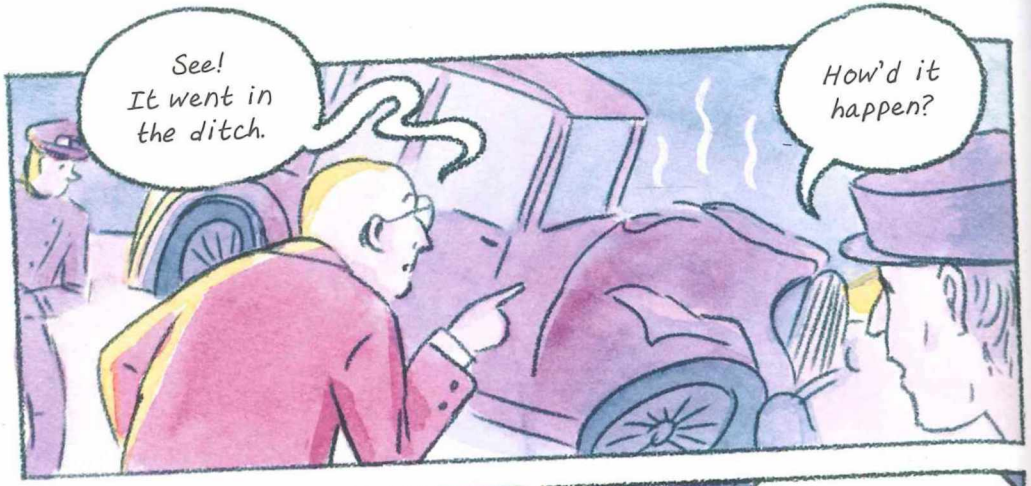
I'm Gatsby.

What!
Oh, I beg your pardon.
I thought you knew, old sport.
I'm afraid I'm not a very good host.
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE SMILES WITH A QUALITY OF ETERNAL REASSURANCE IN IT. IT UNDERSTOOD YOU JUST SO FAR AS YOU WANTED TO BE UNDERSTOOD. BELIEVED IN YOU AS YOU WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, AND ASSURED YOU THAT IT HAD PRECISELY THE IMPRESSION OF YOU THAT, AT YOUR BEST, YOU HOPED TO CONVEY.

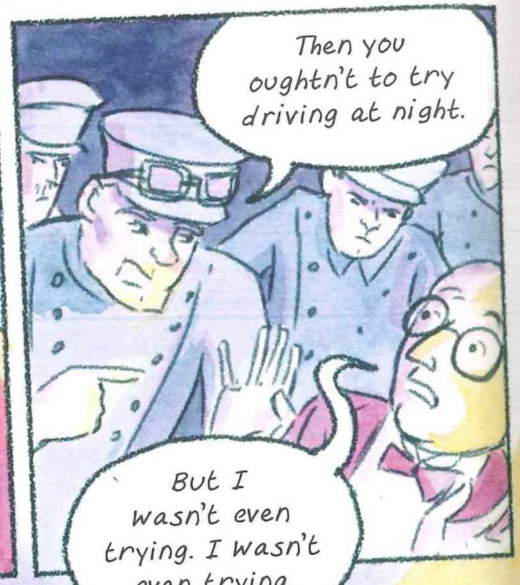
HIS SMILE VANISHED—AND I WAS LOOKING AT AN ELEGANT YOUNG ROUGH-NECK WHOSE ELABORATE FORMALITY OF SPEECH JUST MISSED BEING ABSURD
Chicago on the wire, sir.
Please excuse me. If you want anything just ask for it, old sport.

Who is he?
Just a man named Gatsby.
Where is he from? What does he do?
Well, he told me once he was -an Oxford man.
However, I don't believe it.
Anyhow, he gives large parties. And I like large parties.
They're so intimate.

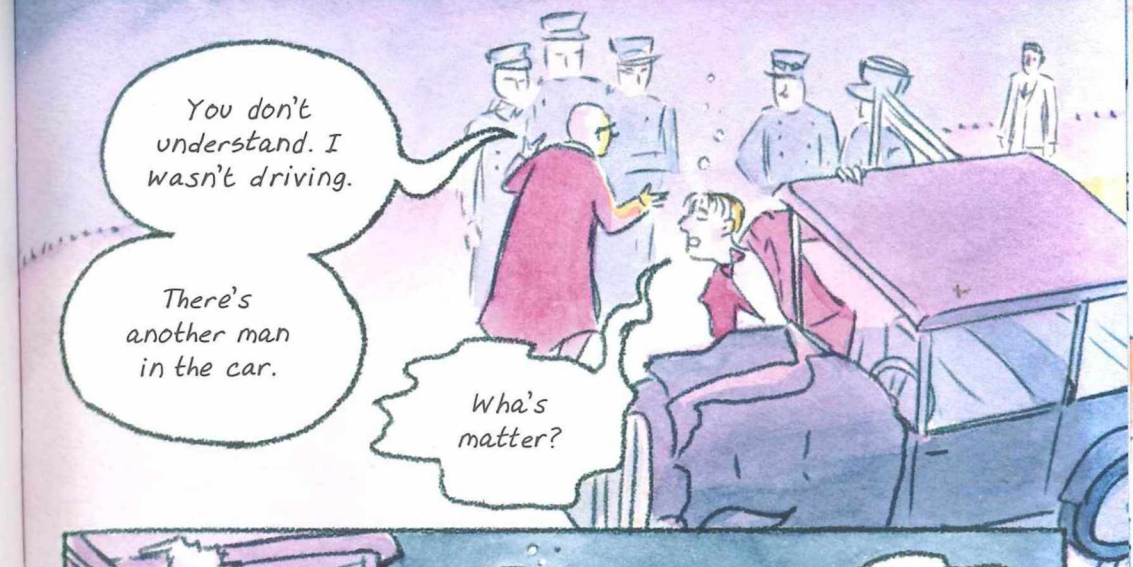
Miss Baker?
I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone.
With me?
CRASH!


See! It went in the ditch.
How'd it happen?

Don't ask me. I know very little about driving—next to nothing.


Then you oughtn't to try driving at night.
But I wasn't even trying. I wasn't even trying.

Do you want to commit suicide?
A bad driver and not even trying!


You don't understand. I wasn't driving.
There's another man in the car.
Wha's matter?

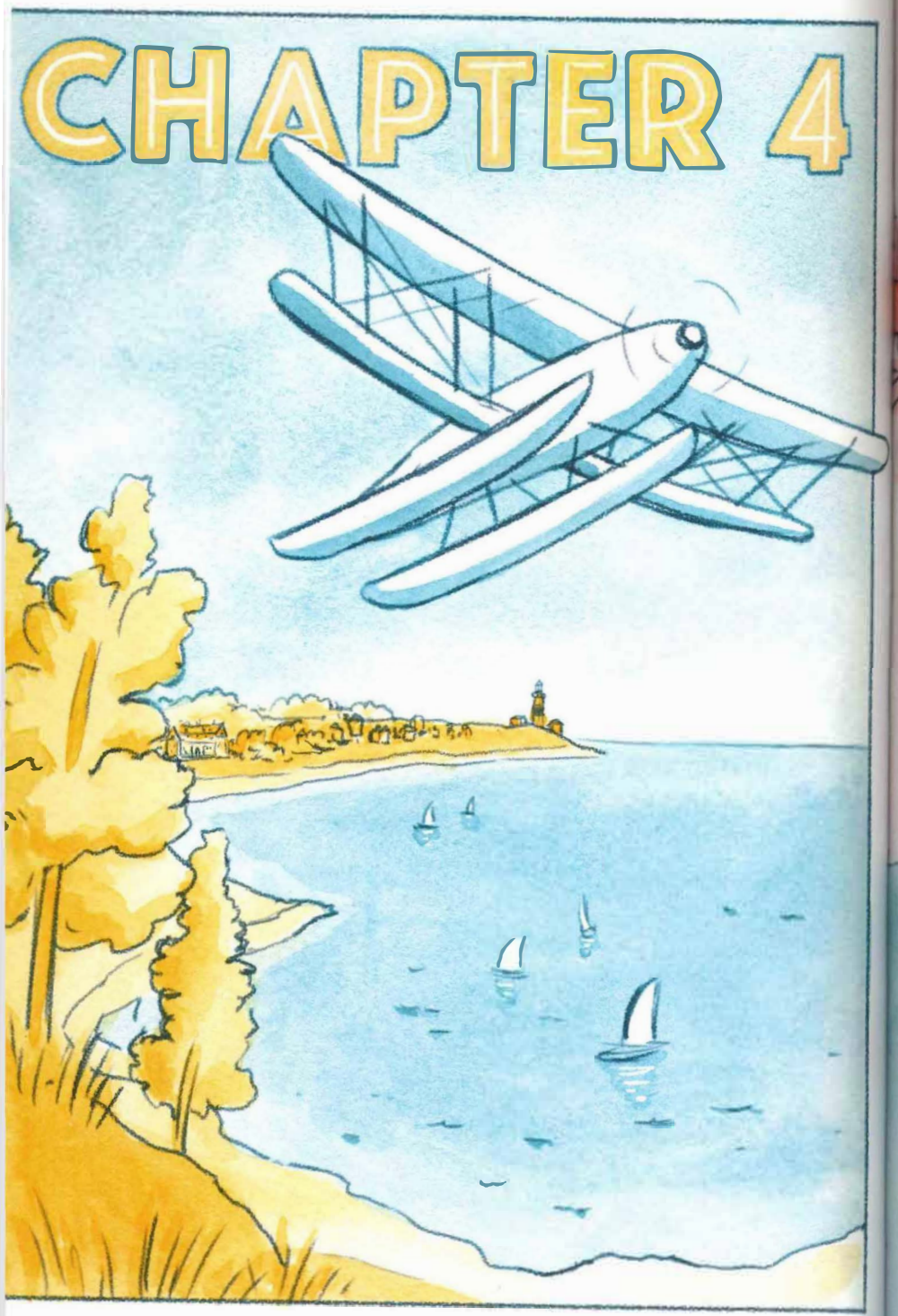
Did we run outta gas?

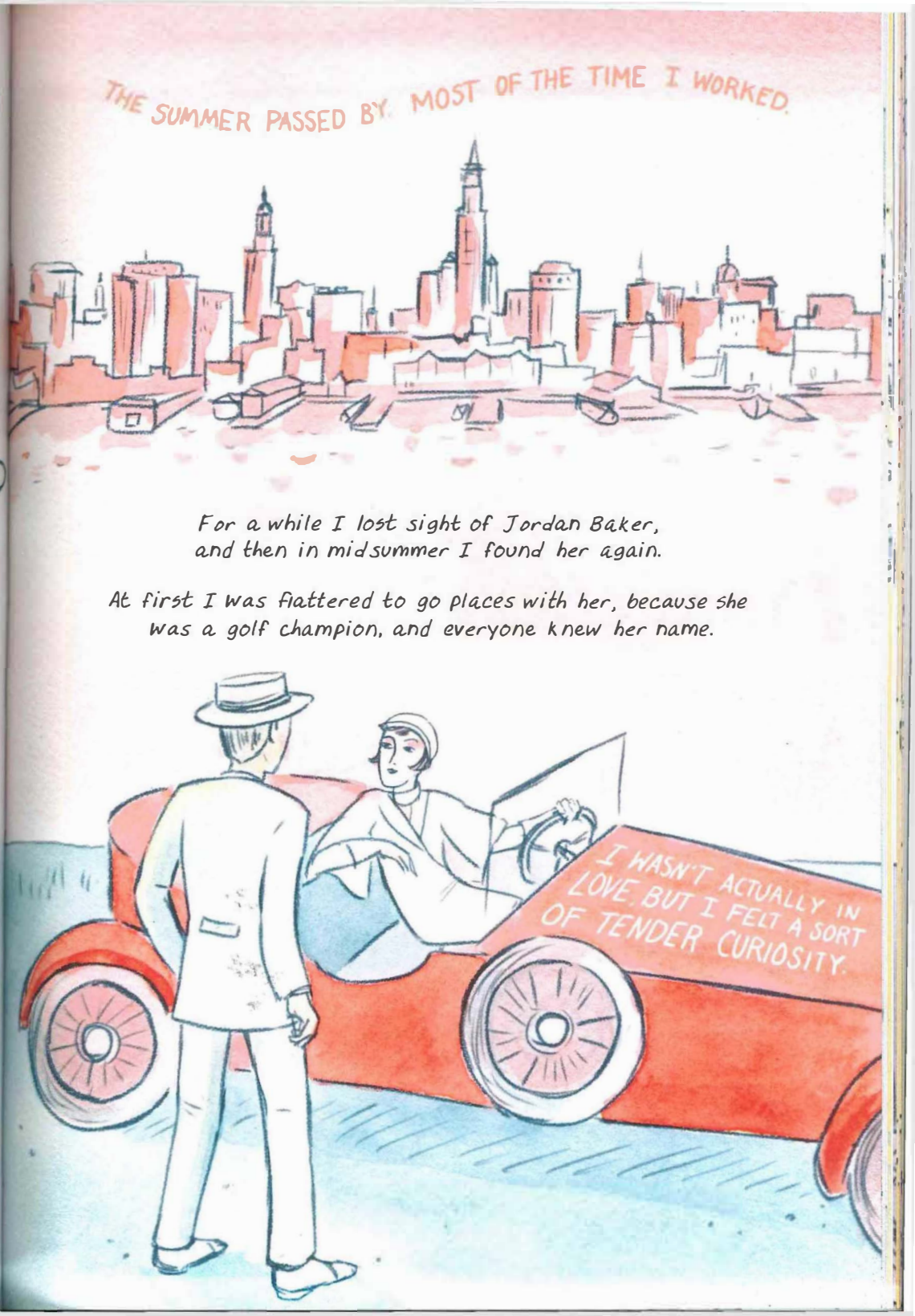
Look!
It came off.

At first I din' notice we'd stopped.
Wonder'ff tell me where there's a gas'line station?

Back out. Put her in reverse.
But the wheel's off!
No harm in trying. . . .
I've just heard the most amazing thing.
But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you.
Please come and see me. . . .
A SUDDEN EMPTINESS SEEMED TO FLOW NOW FROM THE WINDOWS AND THE GREAT DOORS, ENDOWING WITH COMPLETE ISOLATION
THE FIGURE OF THE HOST, WHO STOOD WITH HIS HAND UP IN A FORMAL GESTURE OF FAREWELL

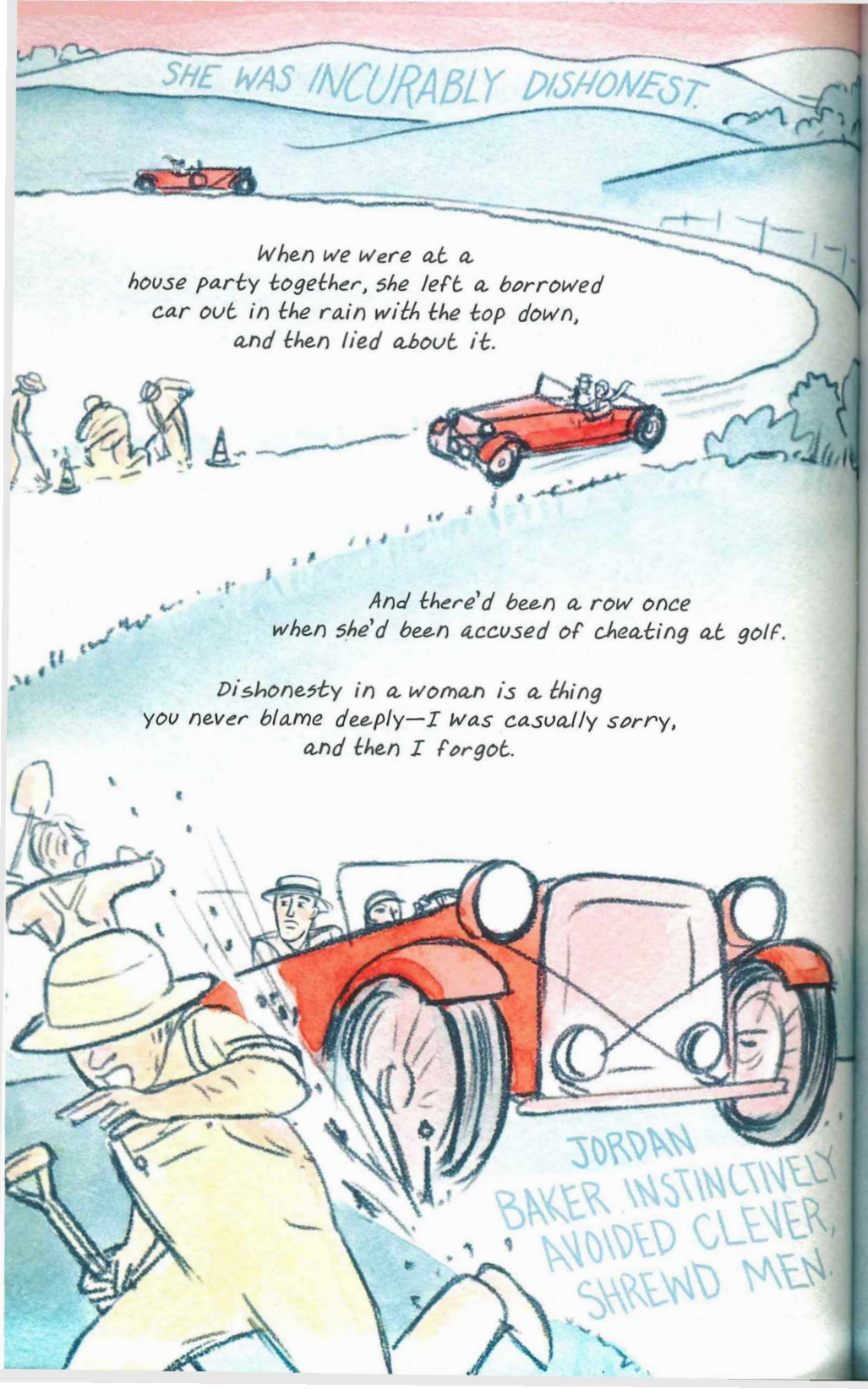
CHAPTER 4





For a while I lost sight of Jordan Baker, and then in midsummer I found her again.

At first I was flattered to go places with her, because she was a golf champion, and everyone knew her name.


SHE WAS INCURABLY DISHONEST.
When we were at a house party together, she left a borrowed car out in the rain with the top down, and then lied about it.
And there'd been a row once when she'd been accused of cheating at golf.
Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you never blame deeply—I was casually sorry, and then I forgot.
JORDAN BAKER INSTINCTIVELY AVOIDED CLEVER, SHREWD MEN.

You're a rotten driver and ought to be more careful.
I am careful.

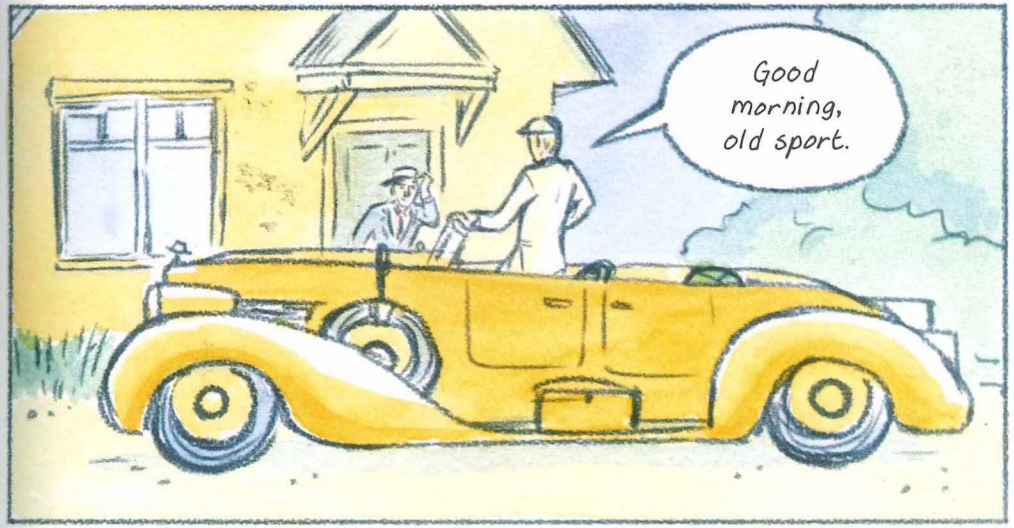
No, you're not.
Well, other people are. It takes two to make an accident.

Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself.

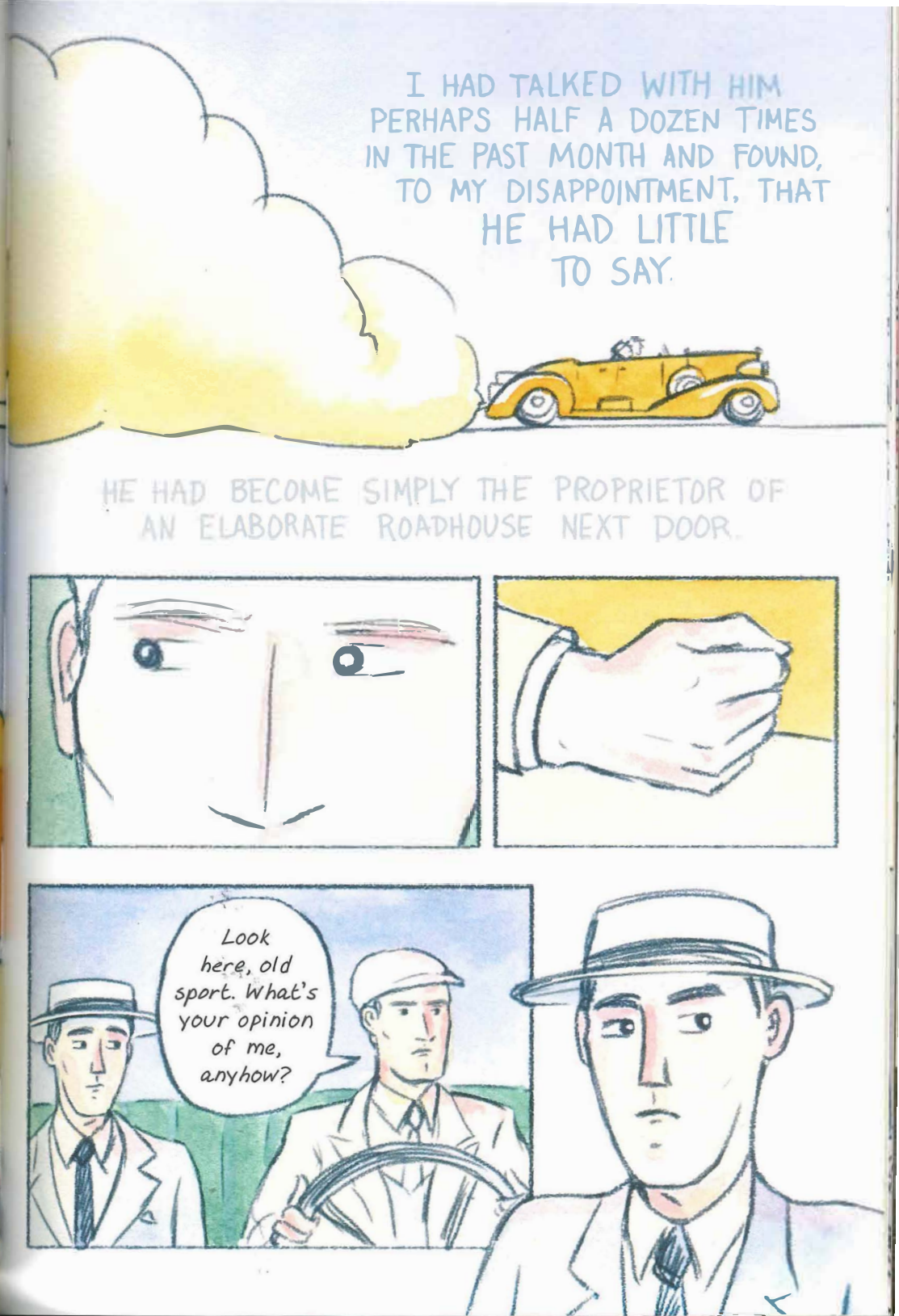
I hate careless people.
That's why I like you.

One morning late in July, Gatsby's gorgeous car lurched up the rocky drive to my door.

It was the first time he had called on me, though I had gone to two of his parties, mounted his hydroplane, and, at his urgent invitation, made frequent use of his beach.



You're having lunch with me today and I thought we'd ride up together.
It's pretty, isn't it, old sport?


I HAD TALKED WITH HIM PERHAPS HALF A DOZEN TIMES IN THE PAST MONTH AND FOUND, TO MY DISAPPOINTMENT, THAT HE HAD LITTLE TO SAY.
HE HAD BECOME SIMPLY THE PROPRIETOR OF AN ELABORATE ROADHOUSE NEXT DOOR.
Look here, old sport. What's your opinion of me, anyhow?

Well, I'm going to tell you something about my life. I don't want you to get the wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear.

I'll tell you God's truth.

I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West—from San Francisco.

My family all died and I came into a good deal of money.

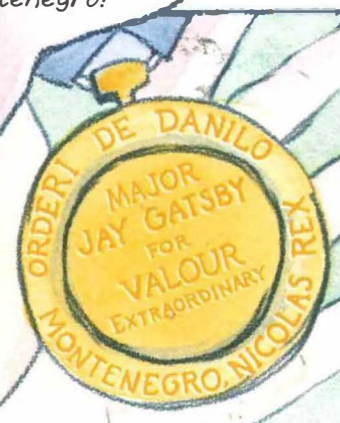
After that I lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe, collecting jewels, hunting big game, painting a little. . . .

I was trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago.

Then came the war, old sport.

I tried to die, but I seemed to bear an enchanted life.

I was promoted to major, and every Allied government gave me a decoration—even Montenegro, little Montenegro!

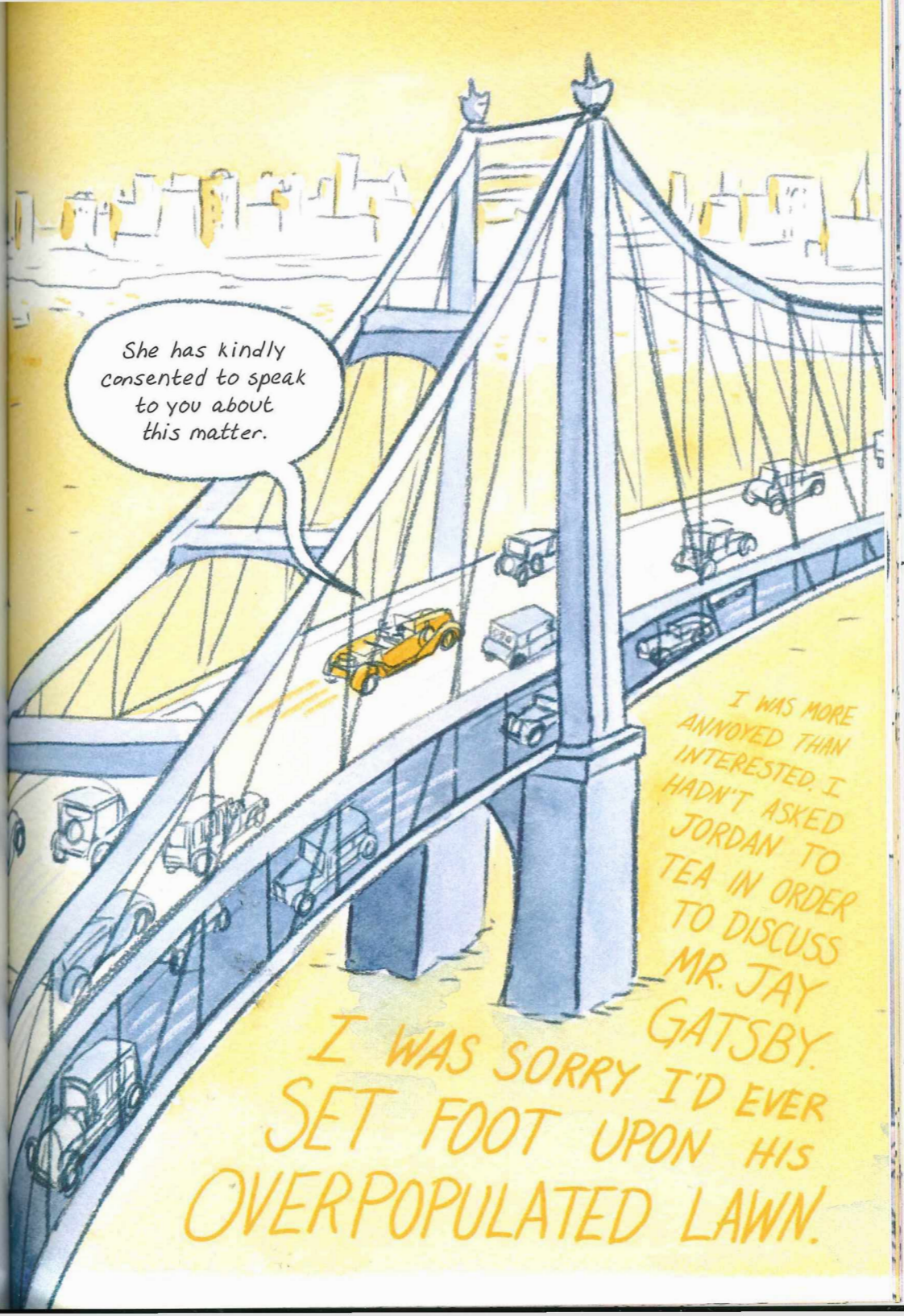


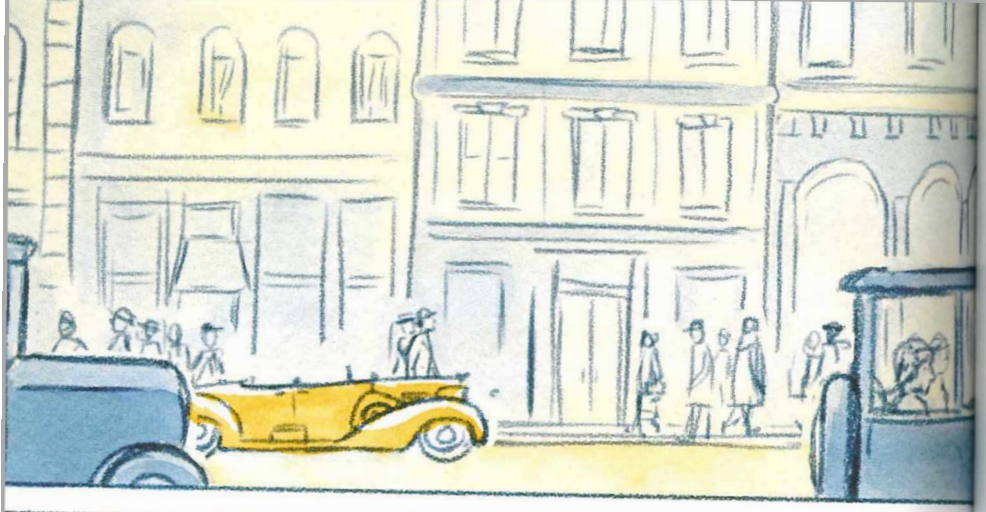
Here's another thing I always carry. A souvenir of my Oxford days.

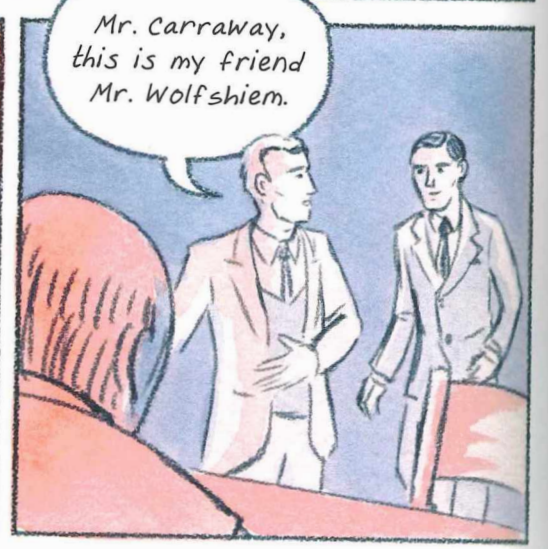
It was taken in Trinity Quad—the man on my left is now the Earl of Doncaster.
THEN IT WAS ALL TRUE.

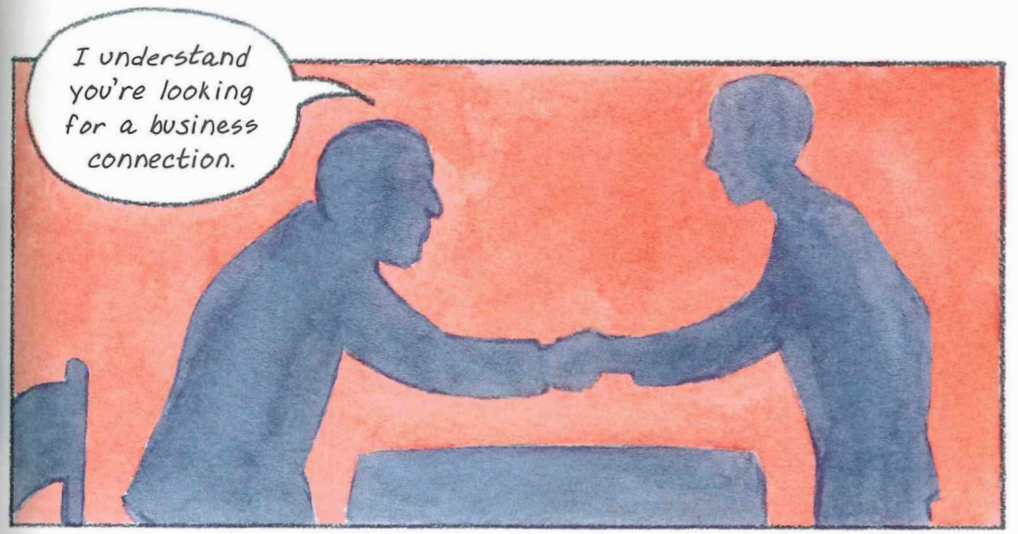
I'm going to make a big request of you today. And I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody.

I happened to find out that you're taking Miss Baker to tea.
Do you mean you're in love with Miss Baker?
No, old sport, I'm not.


She has kindly consented to speak to you about this matter.
I WAS MORE ANNOYED THAN INTERESTED. I HADN'T ASKED JORDAN TO TEA IN ORDER TO DISCUSS MR. JAY GATSBY.
I WAS SORRY I'D EVER SET FOOT UPON HIS OVERPOPULATED LAWN.




Mr. Carraway, this is my friend Mr. Wolfshiem.


I understand you're looking for a business connection.

Oh, no, this isn't the man.

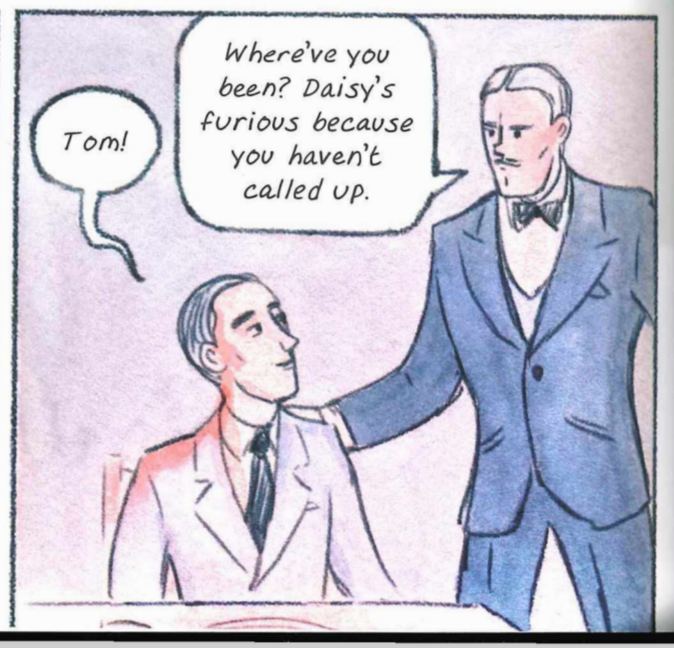
No?
This is just a friend.

Please excuse me. I have to telephone.
Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman.
He's an Oxford man.
Have you known Gatsby for a long time?
I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war.
I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding.

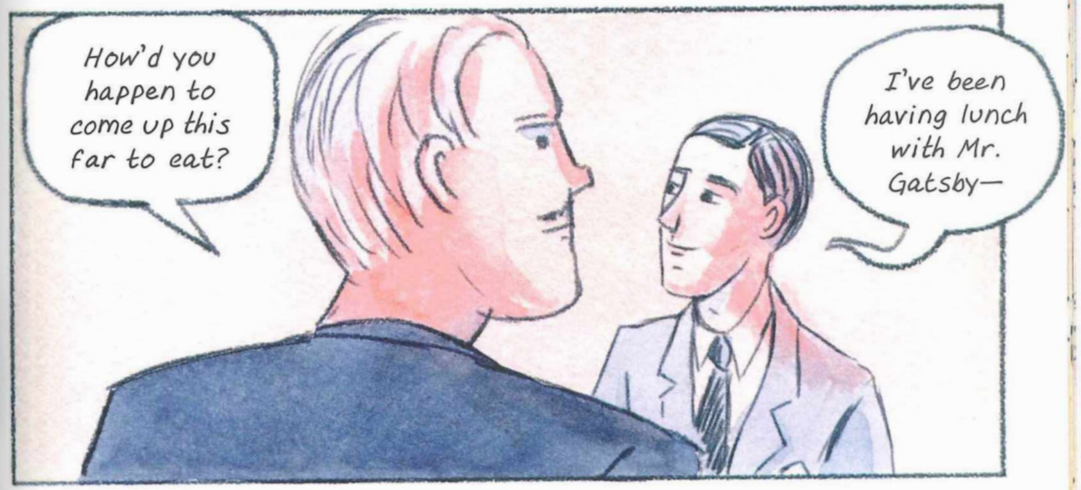
I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.
Finest specimens of human molars.
Gulp.
That's a very interesting idea.
I'm going to run off before I outstay my welcome.

Who is he, anyhow?
An actor? A dentist?
He's a gambler. He's the man who fixed the World Series back in 1919.

Nick!

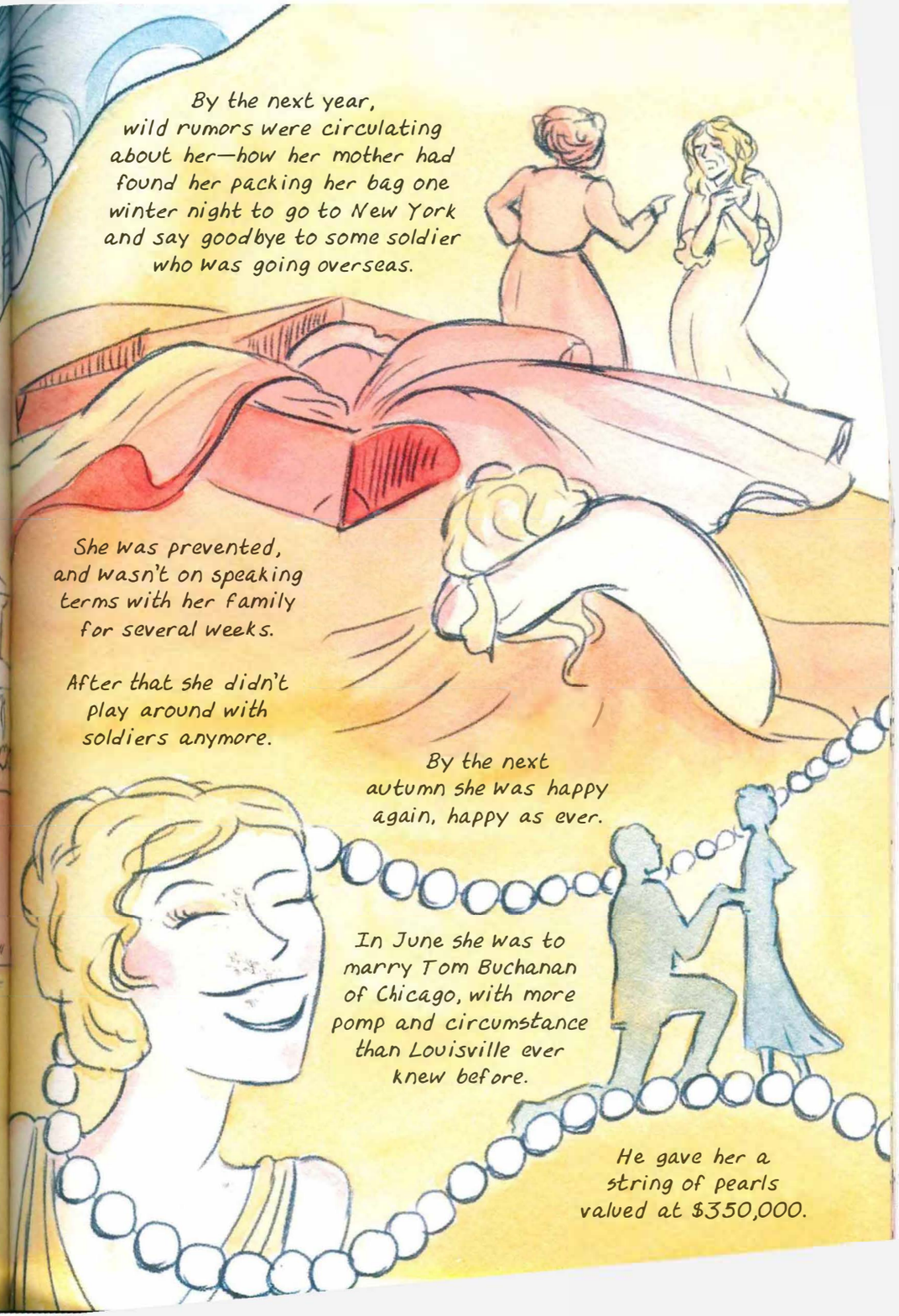

Tom!
Where've you been? Daisy's furious because you haven't called up.

This is Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Buchanan.

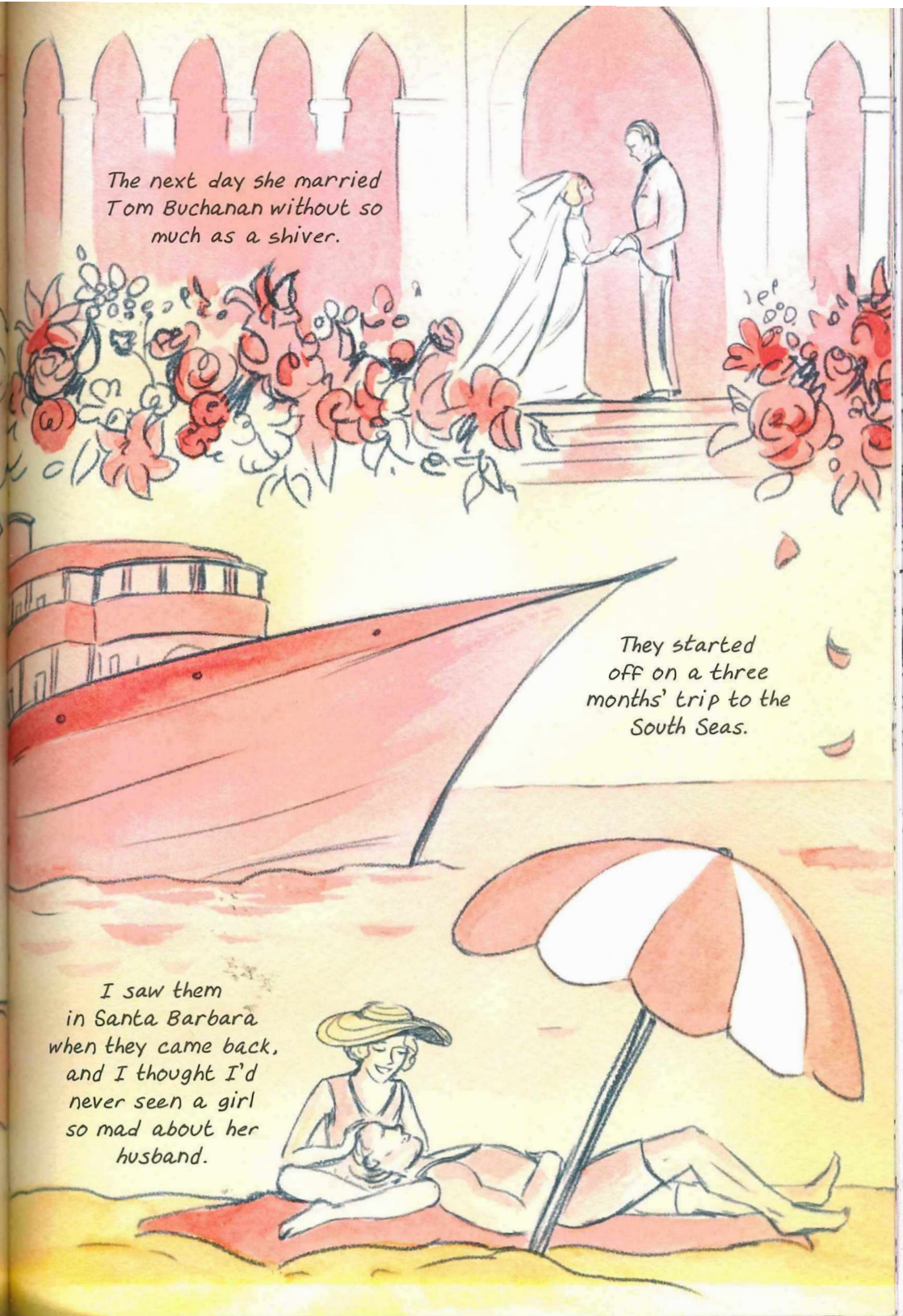

How'd you happen to come up this far to eat?
I've been having lunch with Mr. Gatsby—

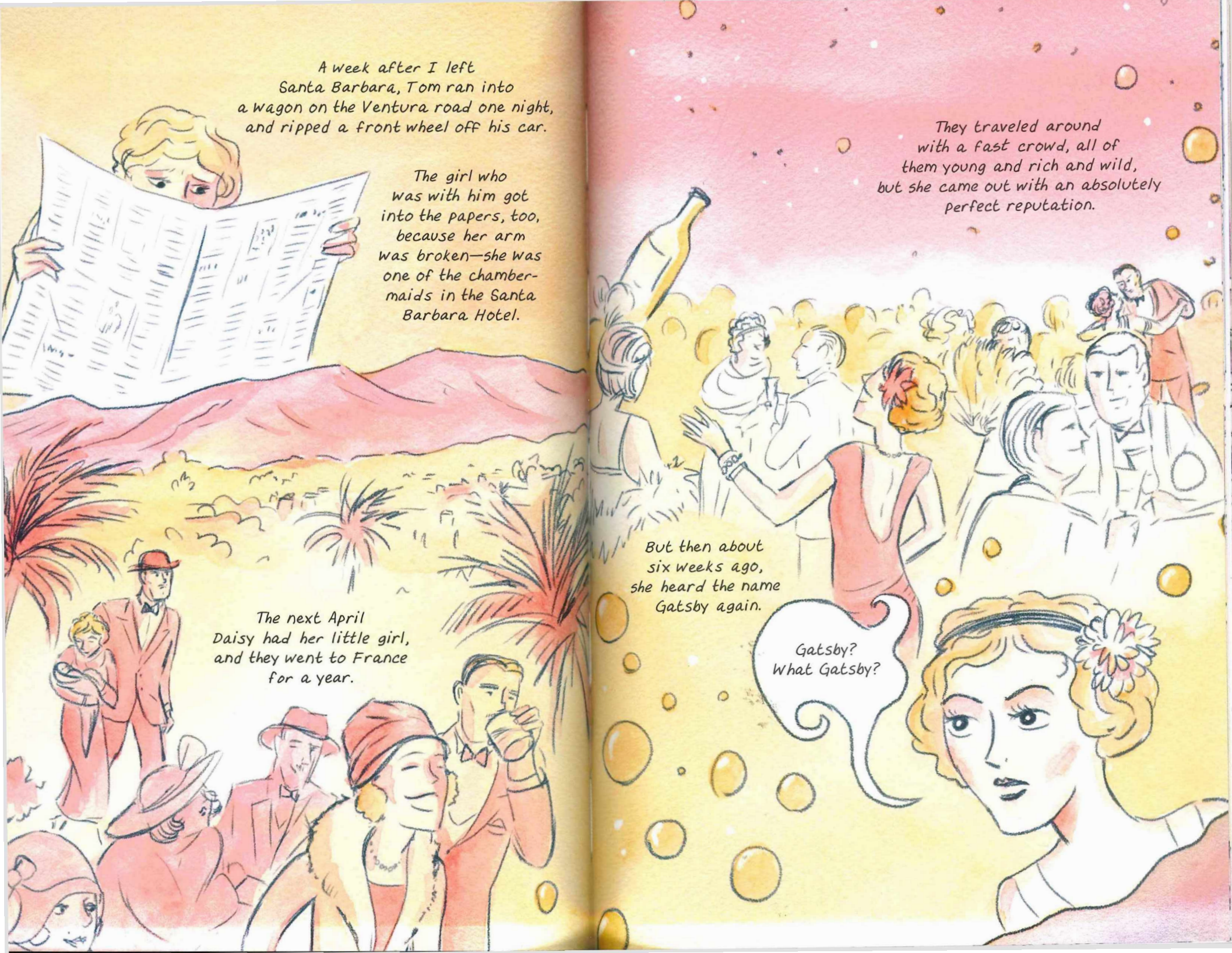
Where'd he go?

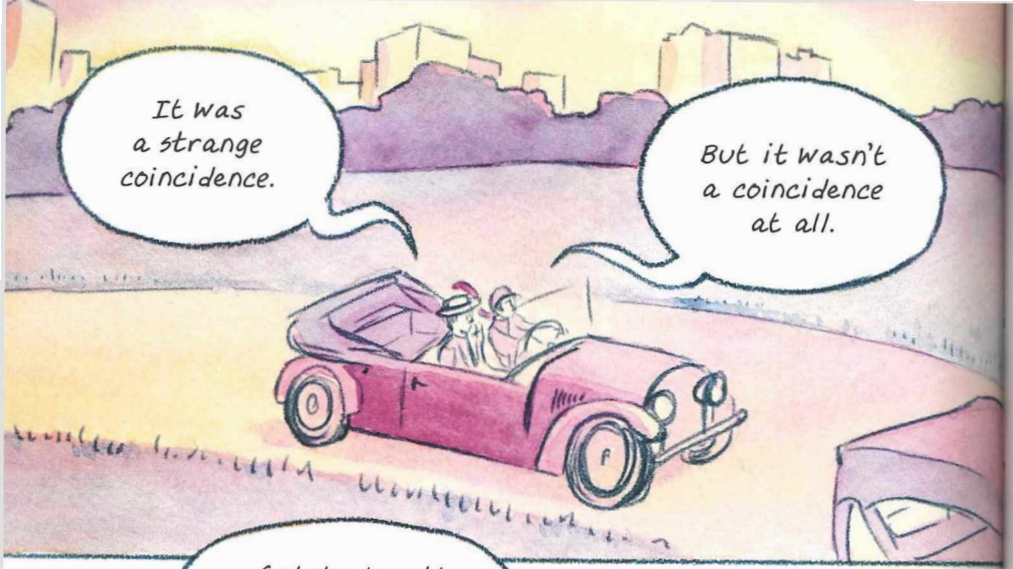
Later that afternoon, in the tea garden of the Plaza Hotel . . .
One October day in 1917, I happened to walk by Daisy Fay's house.
She was talking to a lieutenant I didn't know.
He looked at her in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at.
ed me.
His name was Jay Gatsby. Even after I met him on Long Island, I didn't realize it was the same man.


By the next year, wild rumors were circulating about her—how her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say goodbye to some soldier who was going overseas.
She was prevented, and wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks.
After that she didn't play around with soldiers anymore.
By the next autumn she was happy again, happy as ever.
In June she was to marry Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before.
He gave her a string of pearls valued at $350,000.

I was a bridesmaid.
The night before the wedding, I found her as drunk as a monkey.
'Gratulate me. Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it.
Take 'em downstairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to.
Tell 'em Daisy's change' her mind.
Daisy's change' her mine!


The next day she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver.
They started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.
I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband.


A week after I left Santa Barbara, Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car.
The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken—she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.
The next April Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year.
They traveled around with a fast crowd, all of them young and rich and wild, but she came out with an absolutely perfect reputation.
But then about six weeks ago, she heard the name Gatsby again.
Gatsby? What Gatsby?

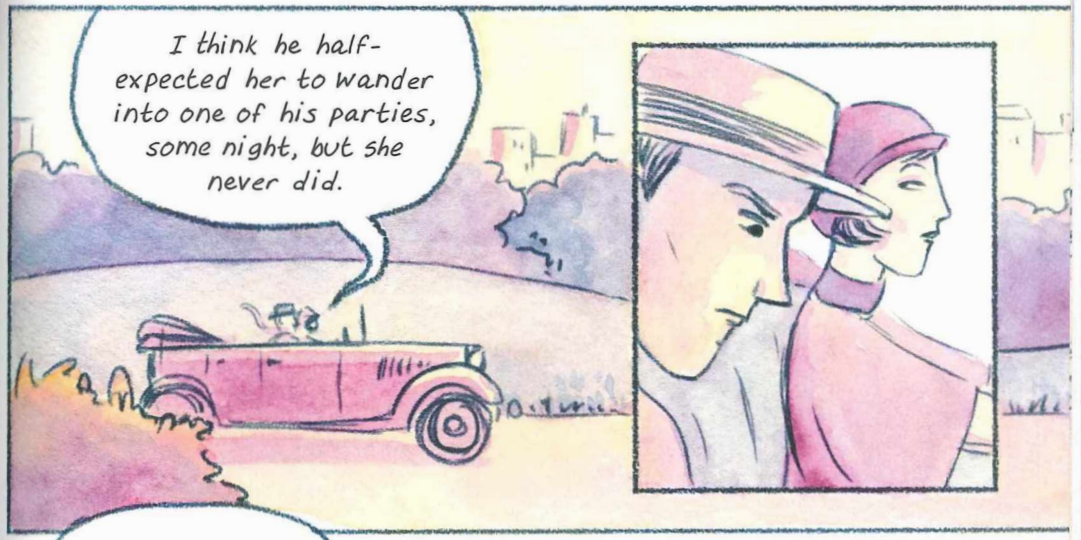

It was a strange coincidence.
But it wasn't a coincidence at all.

Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay.

He wants to know if you'll invite Daisy to your house some afternoon and let him come over.

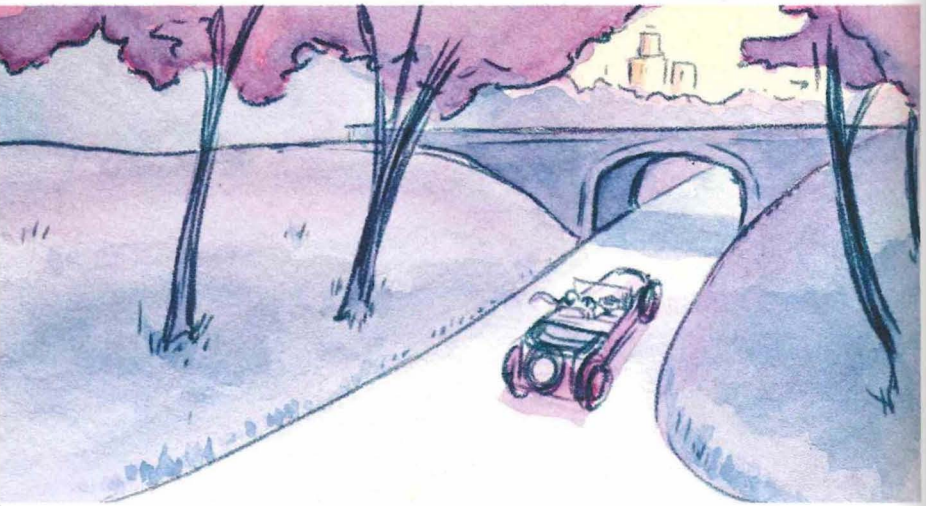
Did I have to know all this before he could ask such a little thing?
He's afraid.
He's waited so long. He thought you might be offended.

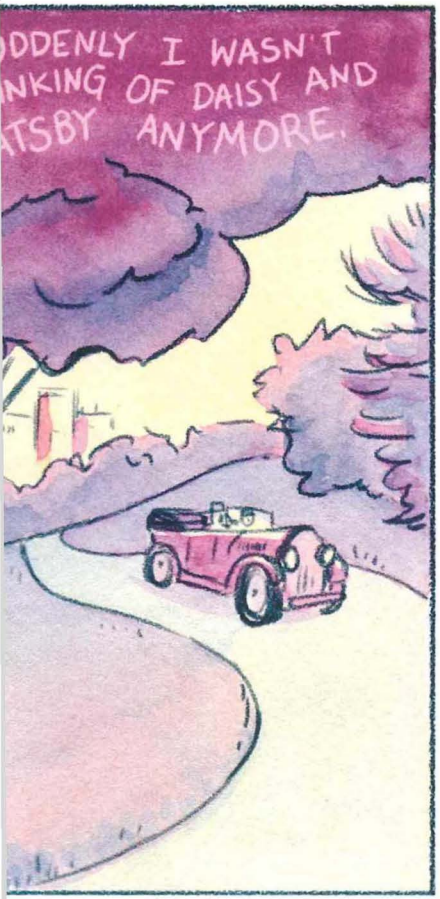
Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?
He wants her to see his house. And your house is right next door.


I think he half-expected her to wander into one of his parties, some night, but she never did.

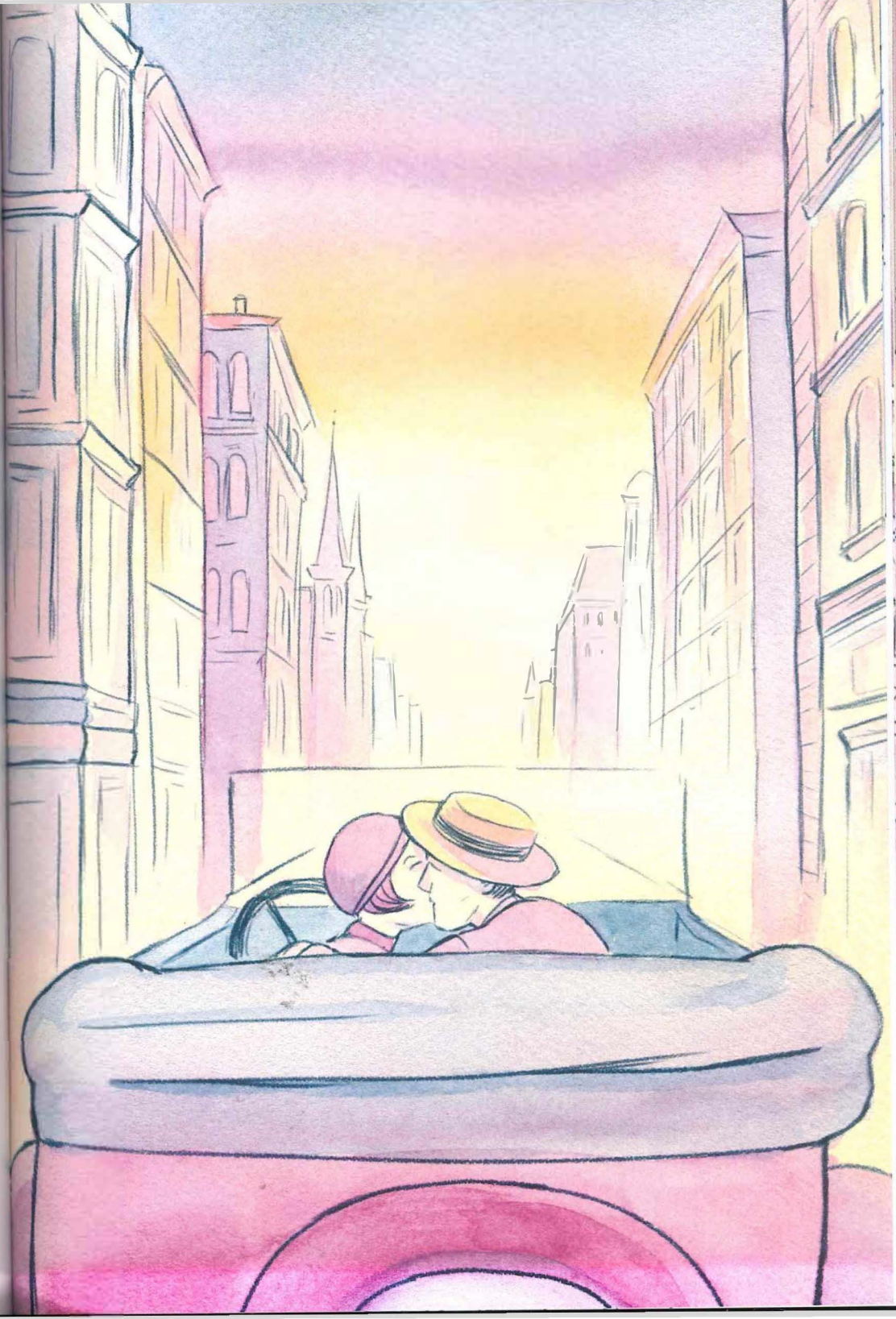
Daisy ought to have something in her life.

Does she want to see Gatsby?
Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea.

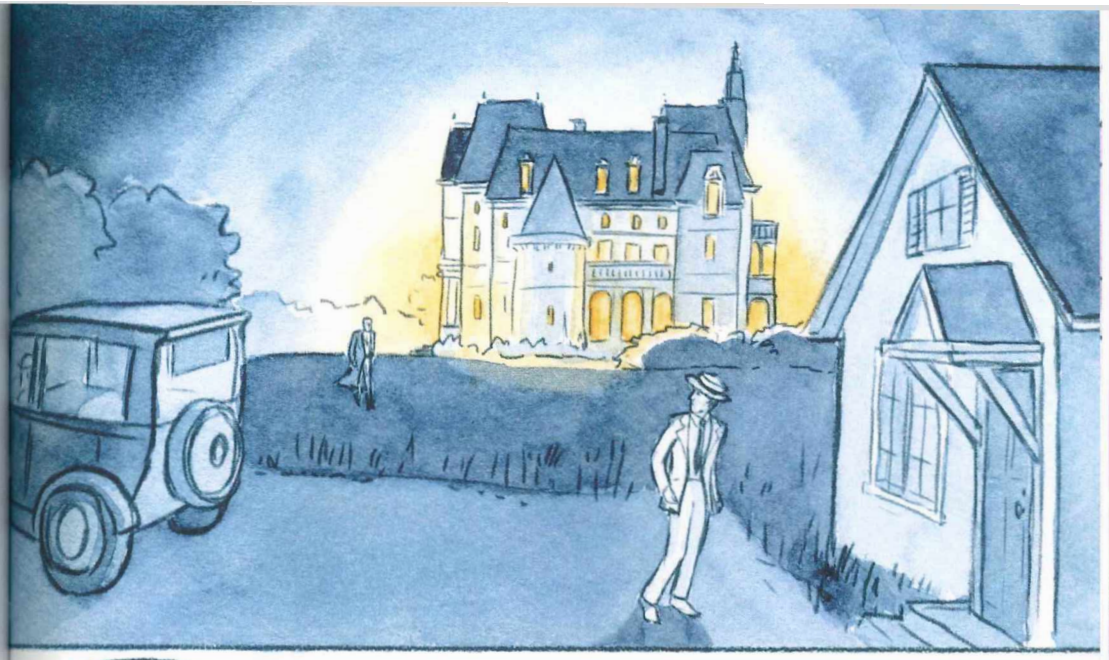



DDENLY I WASN'T
NKING OF DAISY AND
TSBY ANYMORE.

BUT OF THIS CLEAN, HARD, LIMITED PERSON, WHO DEALT IN UNIVERSAL SKEPTICISM....



CHAPTER 5

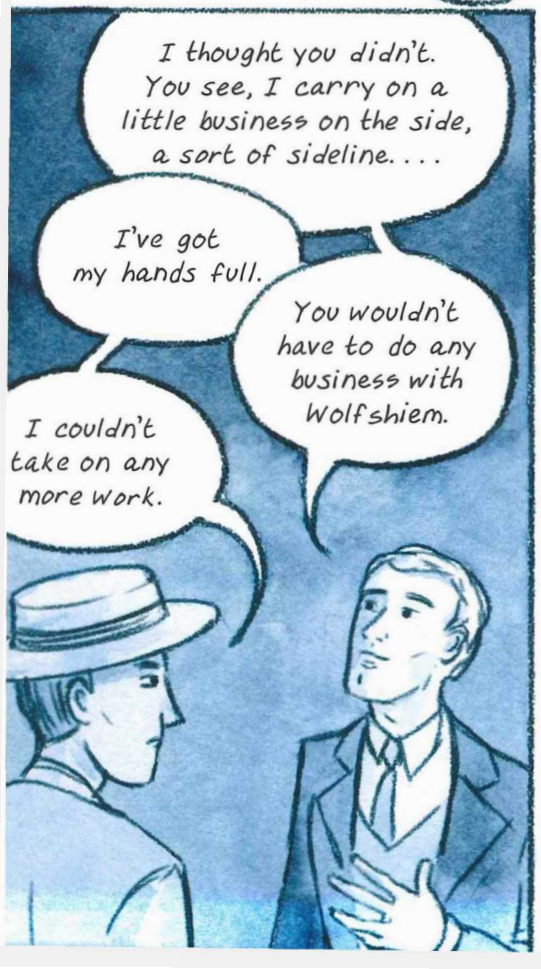


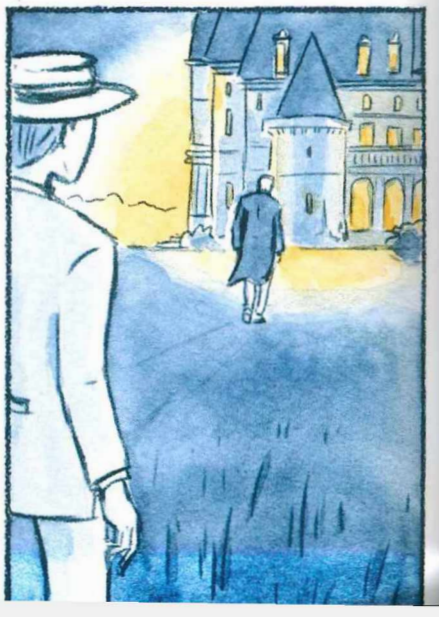
Your place looks like the World's Fair.
Does it?
I have been glancing into some of the rooms.

I talked with Miss Baker.
I'm going to call up Daisy tomorrow and invite her over here to tea.

I don't
nt to put
u to any
rouble.

Why, I thought—
why, look here, old sport,
you don't make much
money, do you?
Not very
much.


I thought you didn't.
You see, I carry on a
little business on the side,
a sort of sideline. . . .
I've got
my hands full.
You wouldn't
have to do any
business with
Wolfshiem.
I couldn't
take on any
more work.



I called up Daisy
the next morning and
invited her to tea.

Nobody's
coming to tea.
It's too late! I'm
going home.

Don't be silly.
It's just two
minutes to four.

Are you in love with me, or why did I have to come alone?
It's a secret.

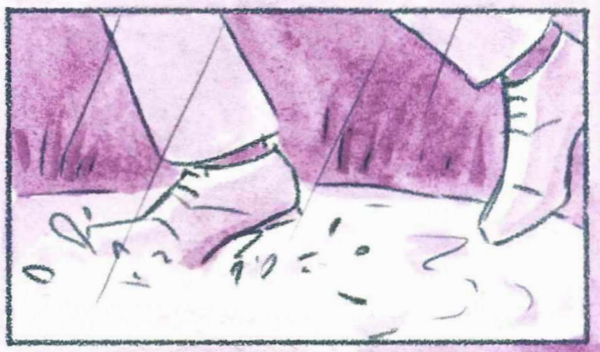
I certainly am awfully glad to see you again.
We've met before.
I'll get the tea. . . .

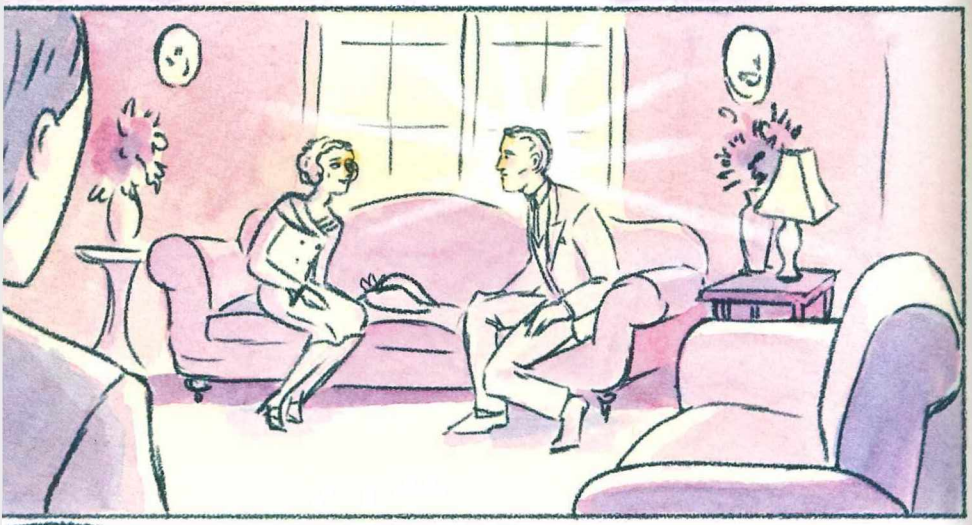
I've got to speak to you about something.
Oh, God!
This is a terrible mistake.

A terrible, terrible mistake.

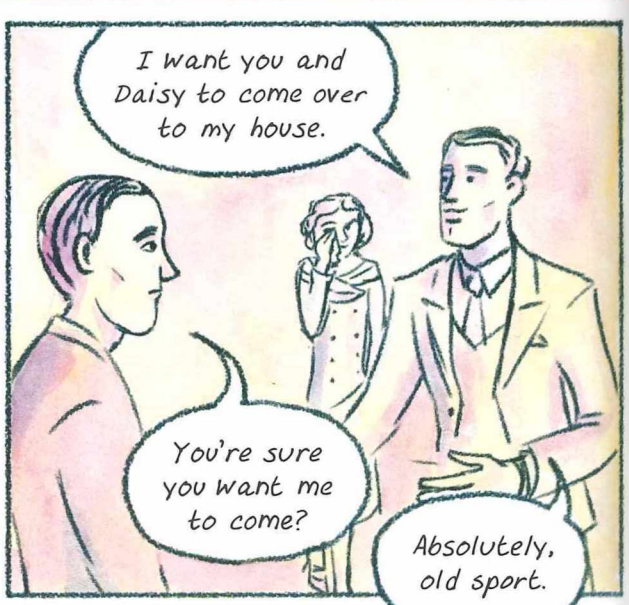
You're just embarrassed, that's all. Daisy's embarrassed too.
Don't talk so loud.

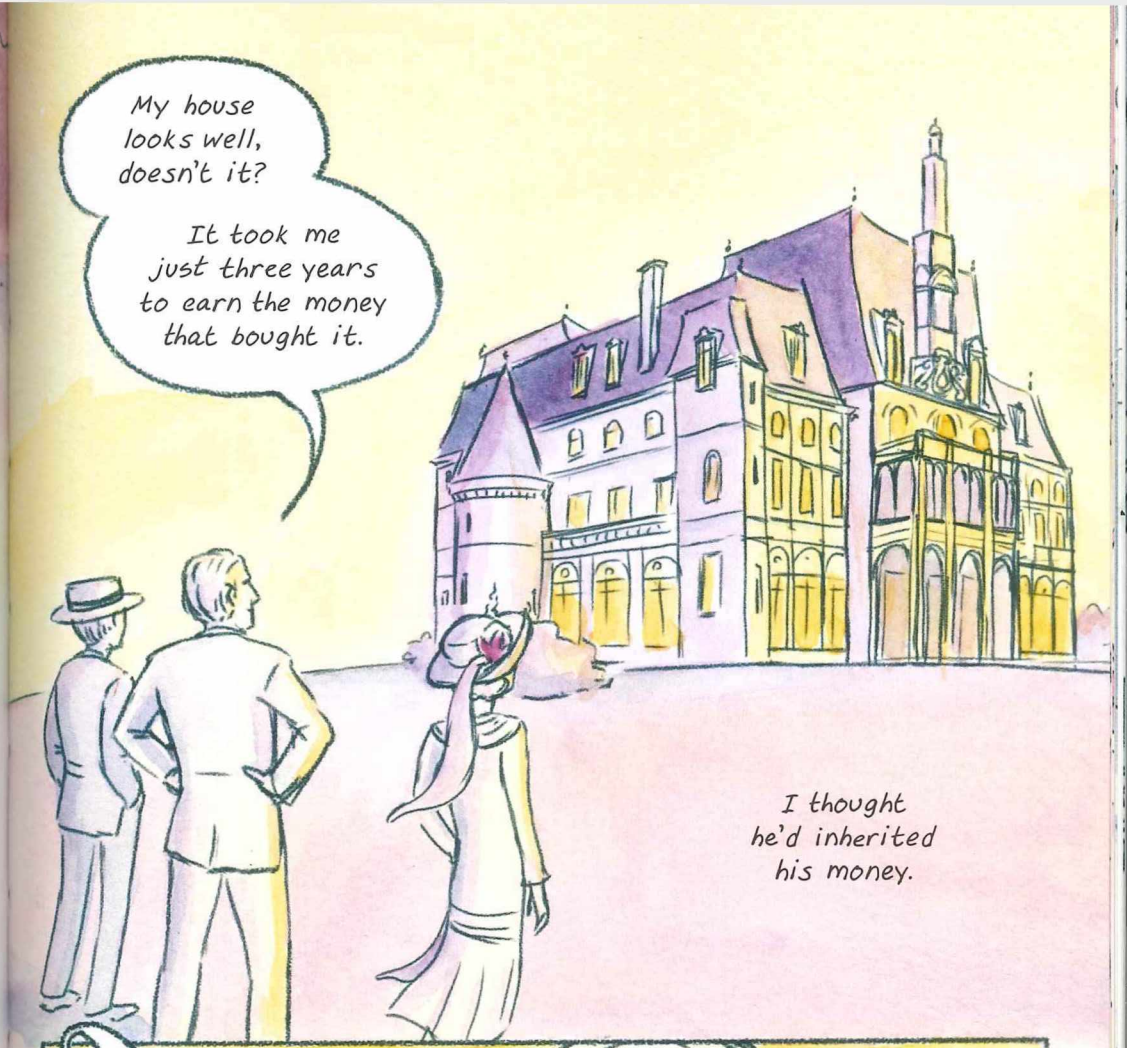
You're acting like a little boy.
Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone.





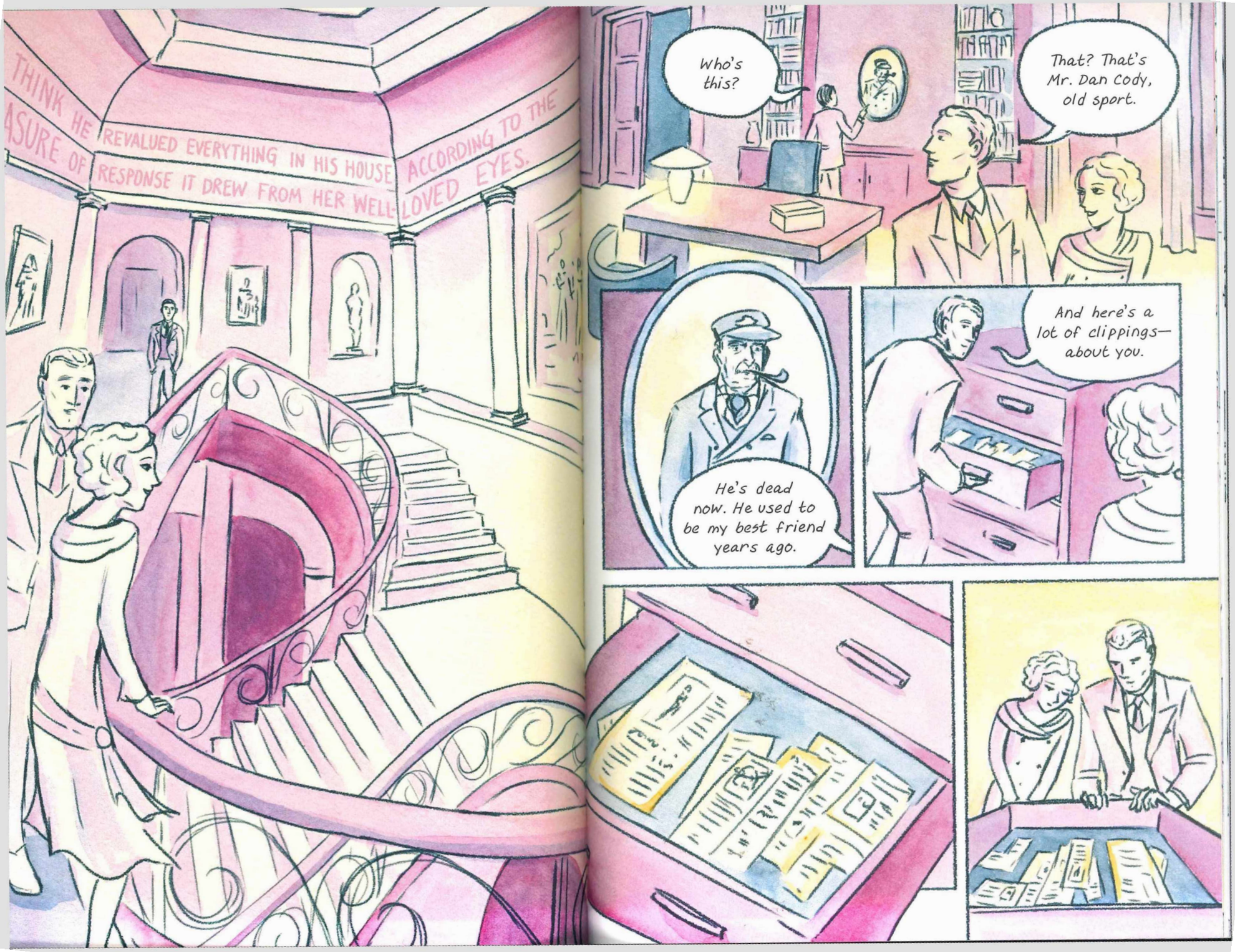
Oh, hello,
old sport.


I want you and Daisy to come over to my house.
You're sure you want me to come?
Absolutely, old sport.


My house looks well, doesn't it?
It took me just three years to earn the money that bought it.
I thought he'd inherited his money.

That huge place there?
Yes. I keep it always full of interesting people. Celebrated people.

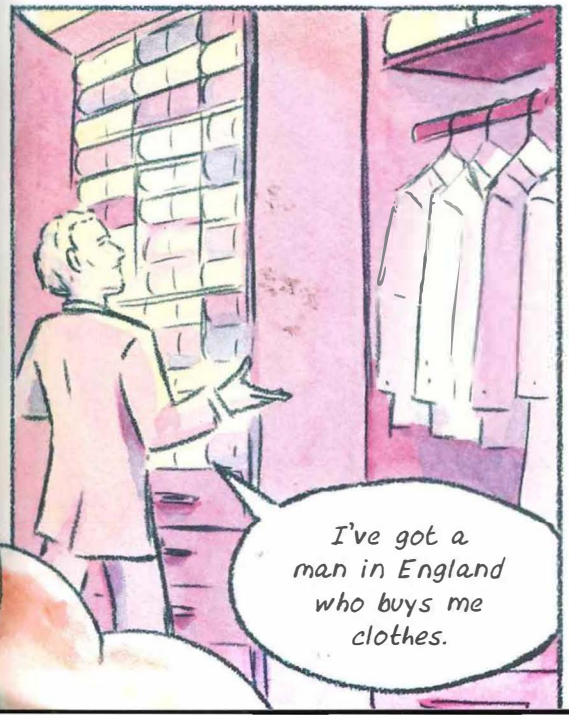
If it wasn't for the mist, we'd see your home across the bay.
You always have a green light at the end of your dock.
THE COLOSSAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MAN HAD NOW VANISHED FOREVER. NOW IT WAS AGAIN A GREEN LIGHT ON A DOCK. HIS COUNT OF ENCHANTED OBJECTS HAD DIMINISHED BY ONE.


THINK HE REVALUED EVERYTHING IN HIS HOUSE ACCORDING TO THE
ASURE OF RESPONSE IT DREW FROM HER WELL-LOVED EYES.
Who's this?
That? That's Mr. Dan Cody, old sport.
He's dead now. He used to be my best friend years ago.
And here's a lot of clippings—about you.

Oh! Come look at that sky!
I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around.

I'll just be going–

No, Nick.
Please don't, old sport.


I've got a man in England who buys me clothes.

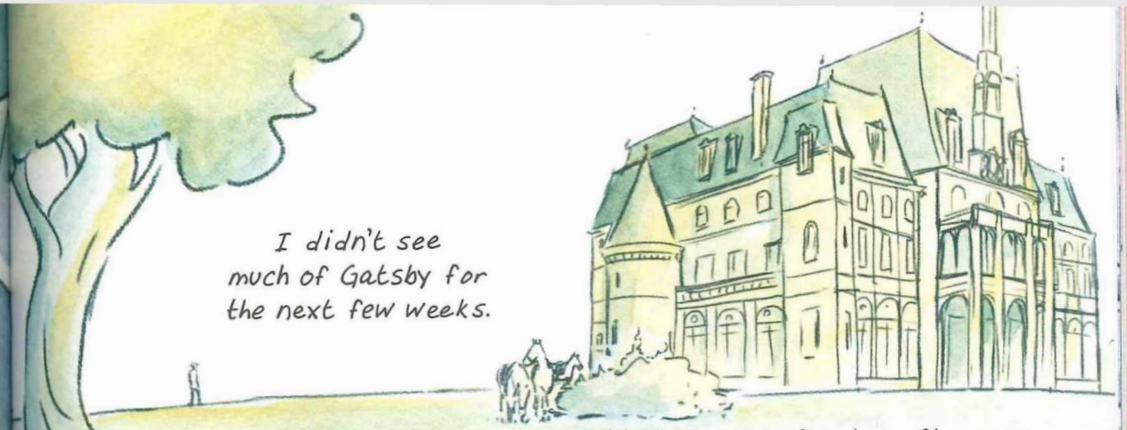
MUCH LATER I LEARNED MORE ABOUT GATSBY'S PAST.

HE WAS LEGALLY JAMES GATZ OF NORTH DAKOTA.

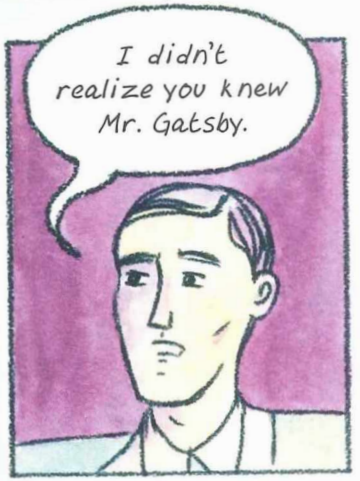
HIS PARENTS WERE SHIFTLESS AND UNSUCCESSFUL FARM PEOPLE—

HIS IMAGINATION HAD NEVER REALLY ACCEPTED THEM AS HIS PARENTS AT ALL.

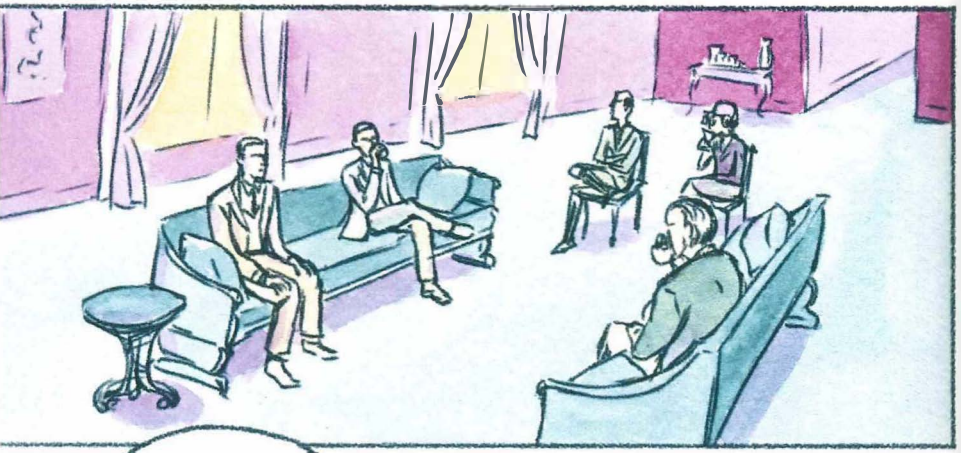
BUT FOR A WHILE HIS WORLD SEEMED FEROCIOUSLY INDIFFERENT TO THE DRUMS OF HIS DESTINY.



But finally I went over to his house one Sunday afternoon.



Have a cigarette?
A cigar?
Lemonade?
A little champagne?
No, thank you.



I know your wife.

That so?

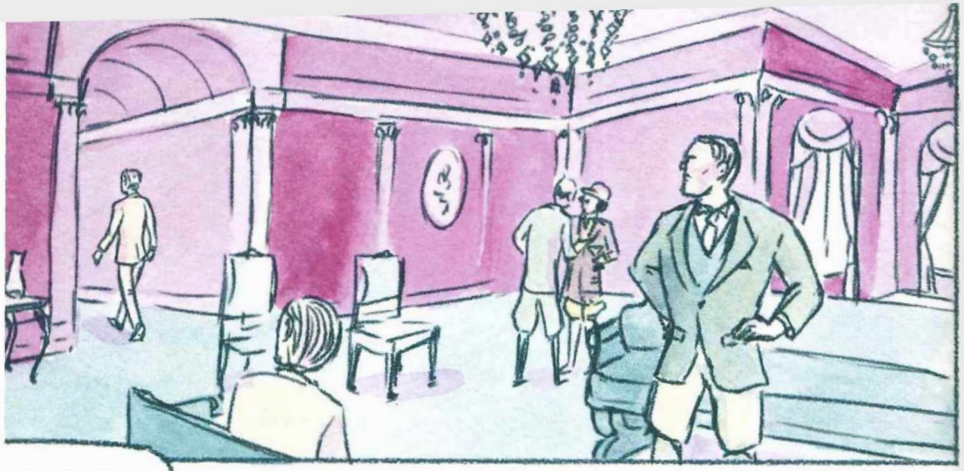
You live near here, Nick?
Next door.

That so?

Well—think I ought to be starting home.
Please don't hurry. Why don't you—why don't you stay for supper?
You must come to supper with ME.

Come along.
I mean it, I'd love to have you. Lots of room.

I haven't got a horse. I'll follow you in my car.

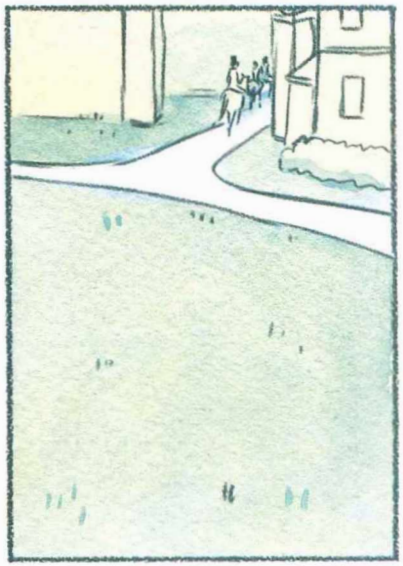


My God, believe the .n's coming.
Doesn't he know she doesn't want him?
She says she wants him.

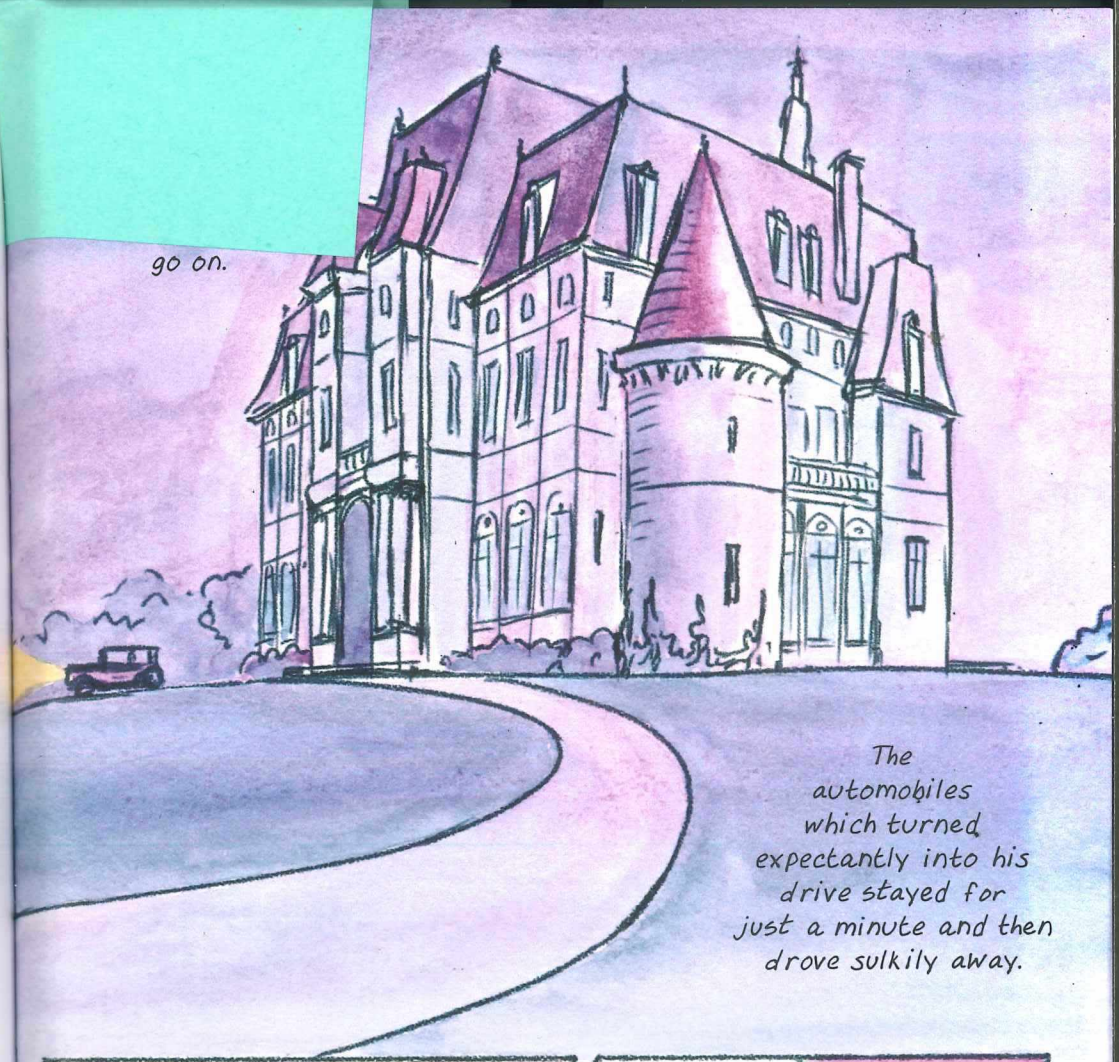
I wonder where in the devil he met Daisy.

Women run around too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish.

Tell him we couldn't wait, will you?

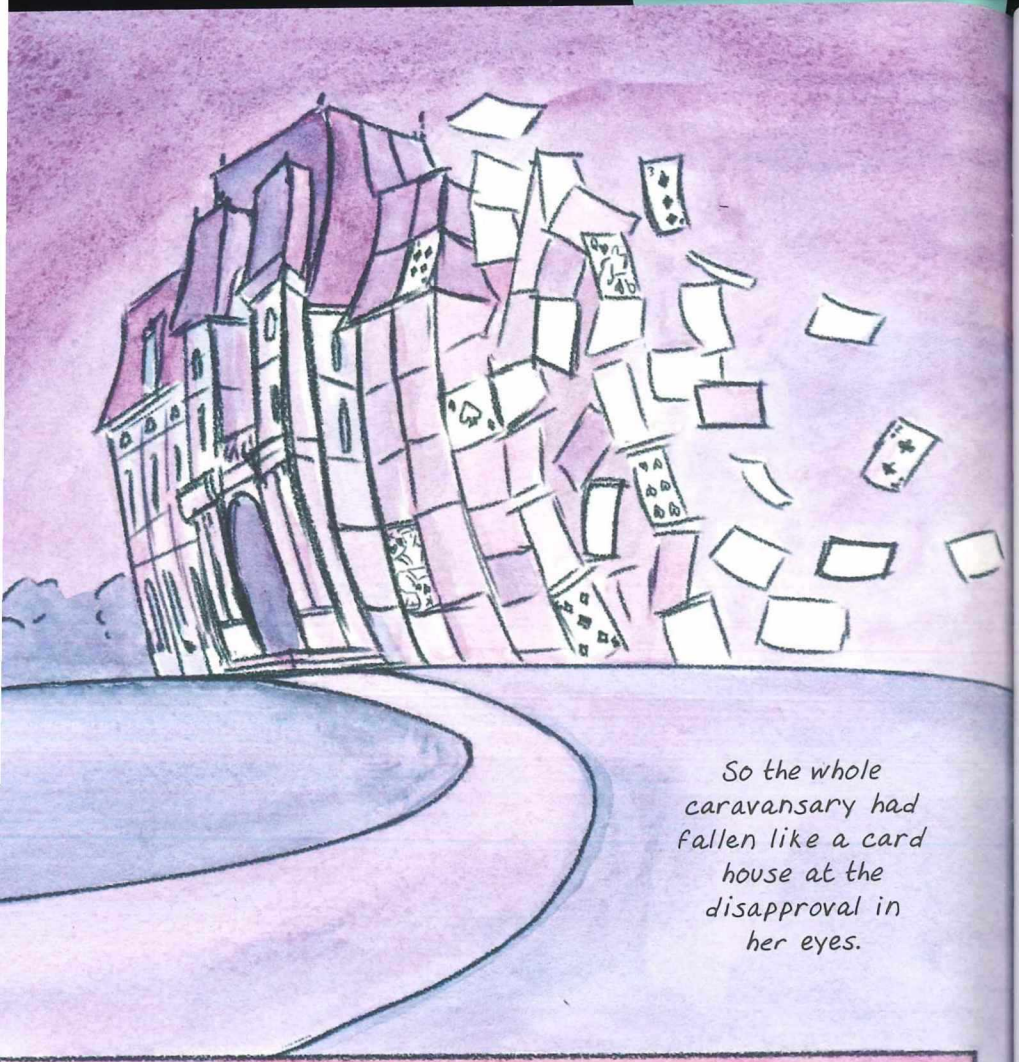


CHAPTER 7

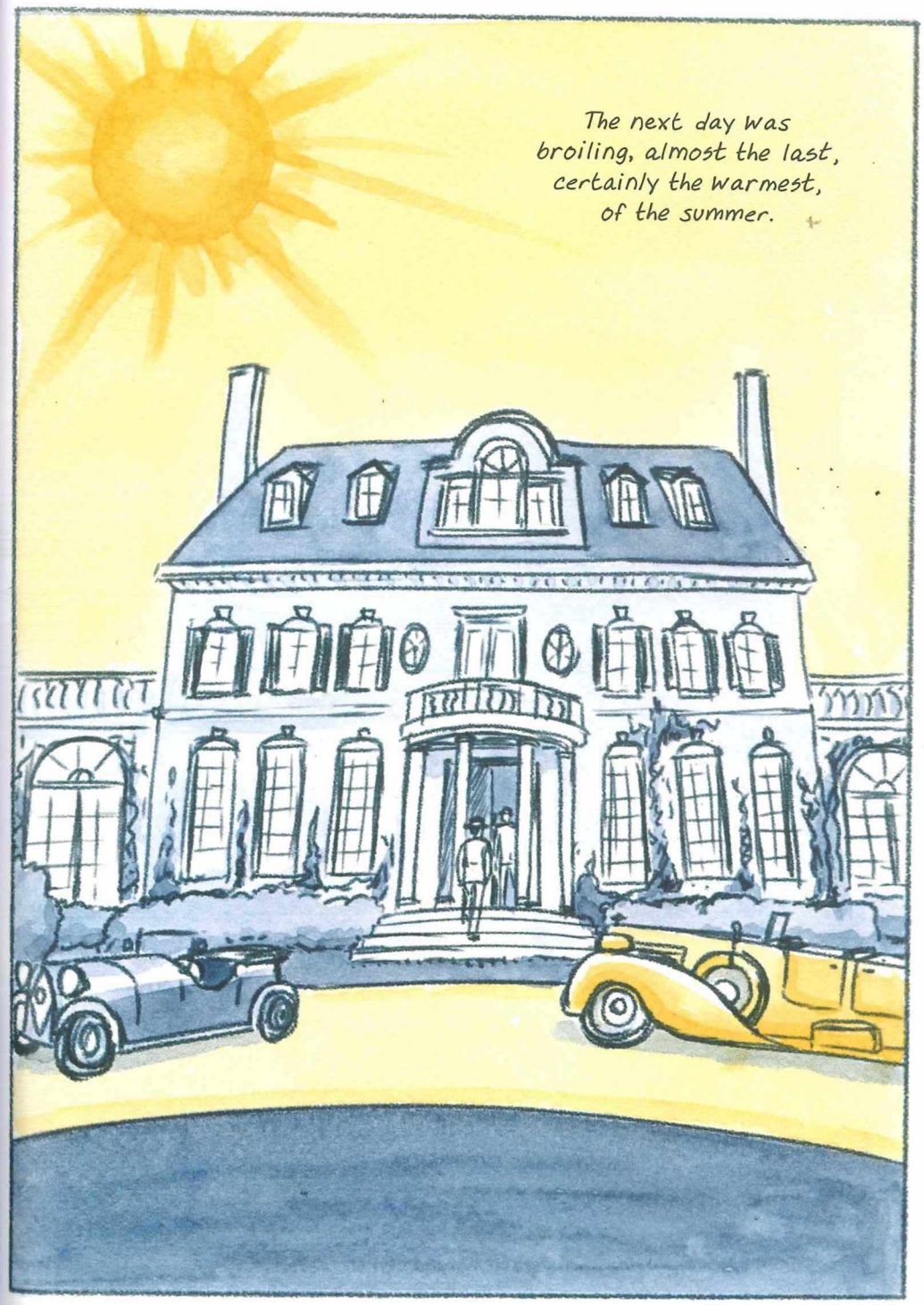

go on.
The automobiles which turned expectantly into his drive stayed for just a minute and then drove sulkily away.

The next day Gatsby called me.
I hear you fired all your servants.

I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip.
Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons.

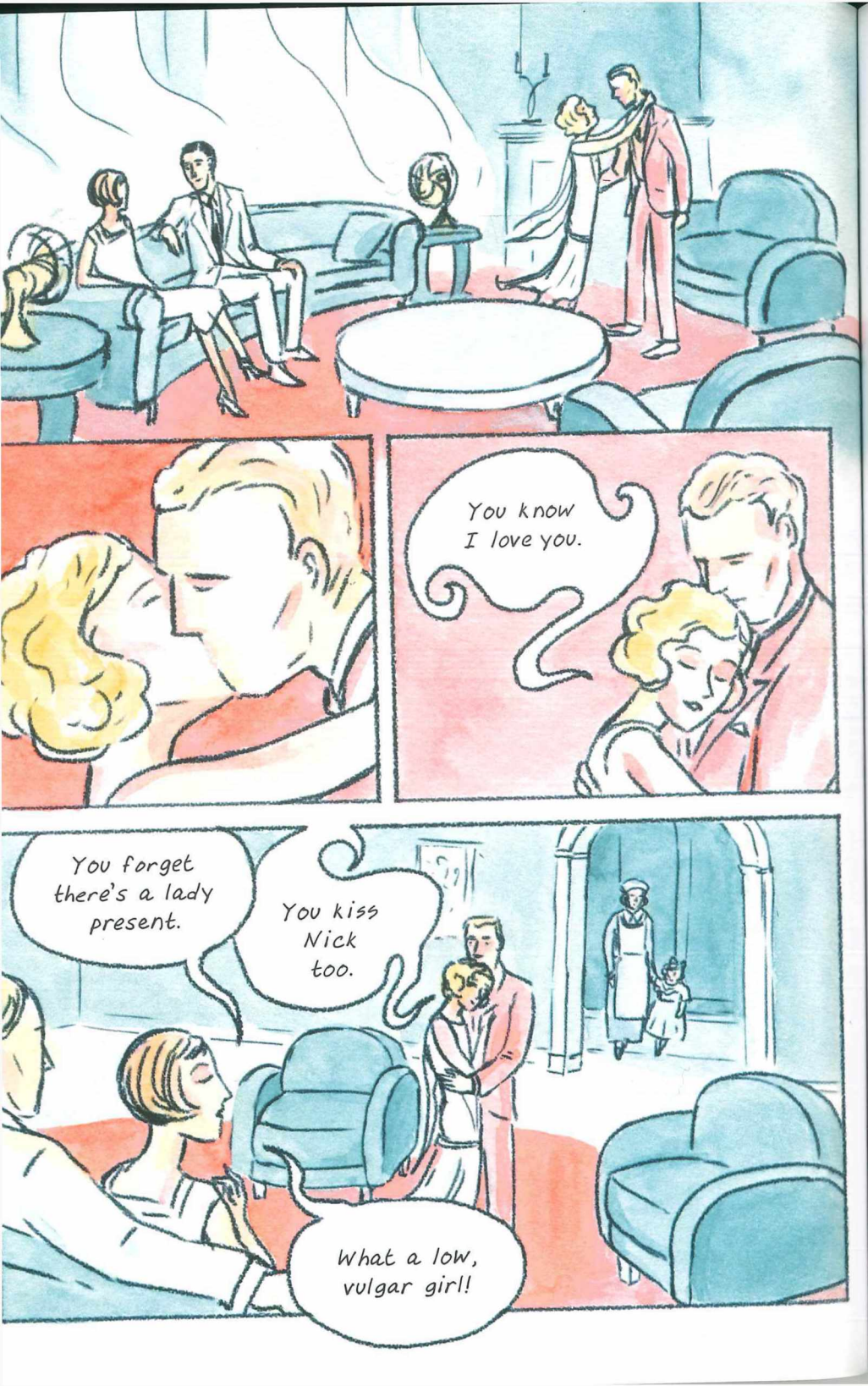

So the whole caravansary had fallen like a card house at the disapproval in her eyes.

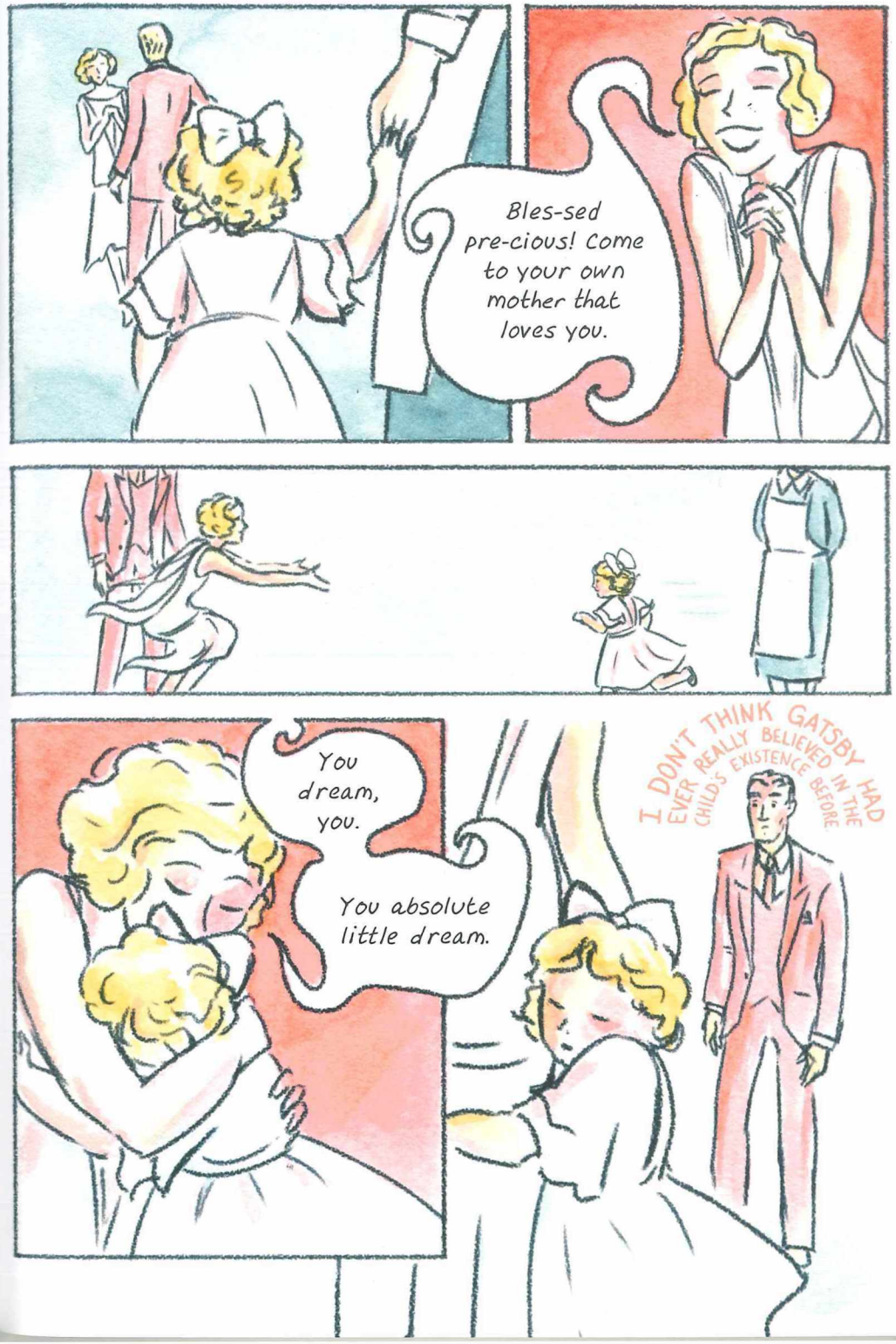
Would you come over to Daisy's tomorrow for lunch?
Miss Baker will be there too.
. . . all right.


The next day was broiling, almost the last, certainly the warmest, of the summer.

Madame expects you in the salon.
We can't move.

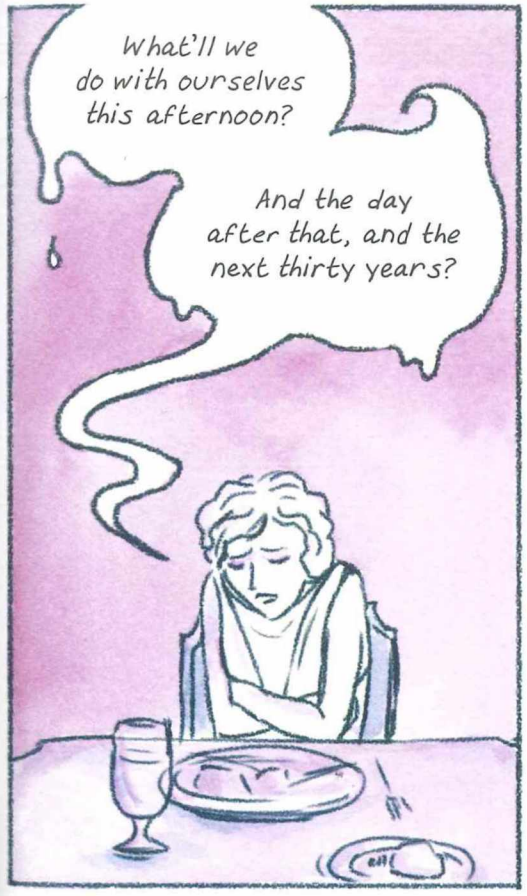
And where is Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?
Very well, then. I won't sell you the car at all . . .
and as for you bothering me at lunchtime . . .
The rumor is that that's Tom's girl on the phone.
He's holding down the receiver.
No, he's not. I happen to know it's a bona fide deal.


You know I love you.
You forget there's a lady present.
You kiss Nick too.
What a low, vulgar girl!


Bles-sed pre-cious! Come to your own mother that loves you.
You dream, you.
You absolute little dream.
I DON'T THINK GATSBY HAD EVER REALLY BELIEVED IN THE CHILD'S EXISTENCE BEFORE

How do you like Mother's friends?
Do you think they're pretty?
Where's Daddy?
She doesn't ok like her father. She looks like me.
Goodbye, sweetheart!

WE DRANK DOWN NERVOUS GAIETY WITH COLD ALE.

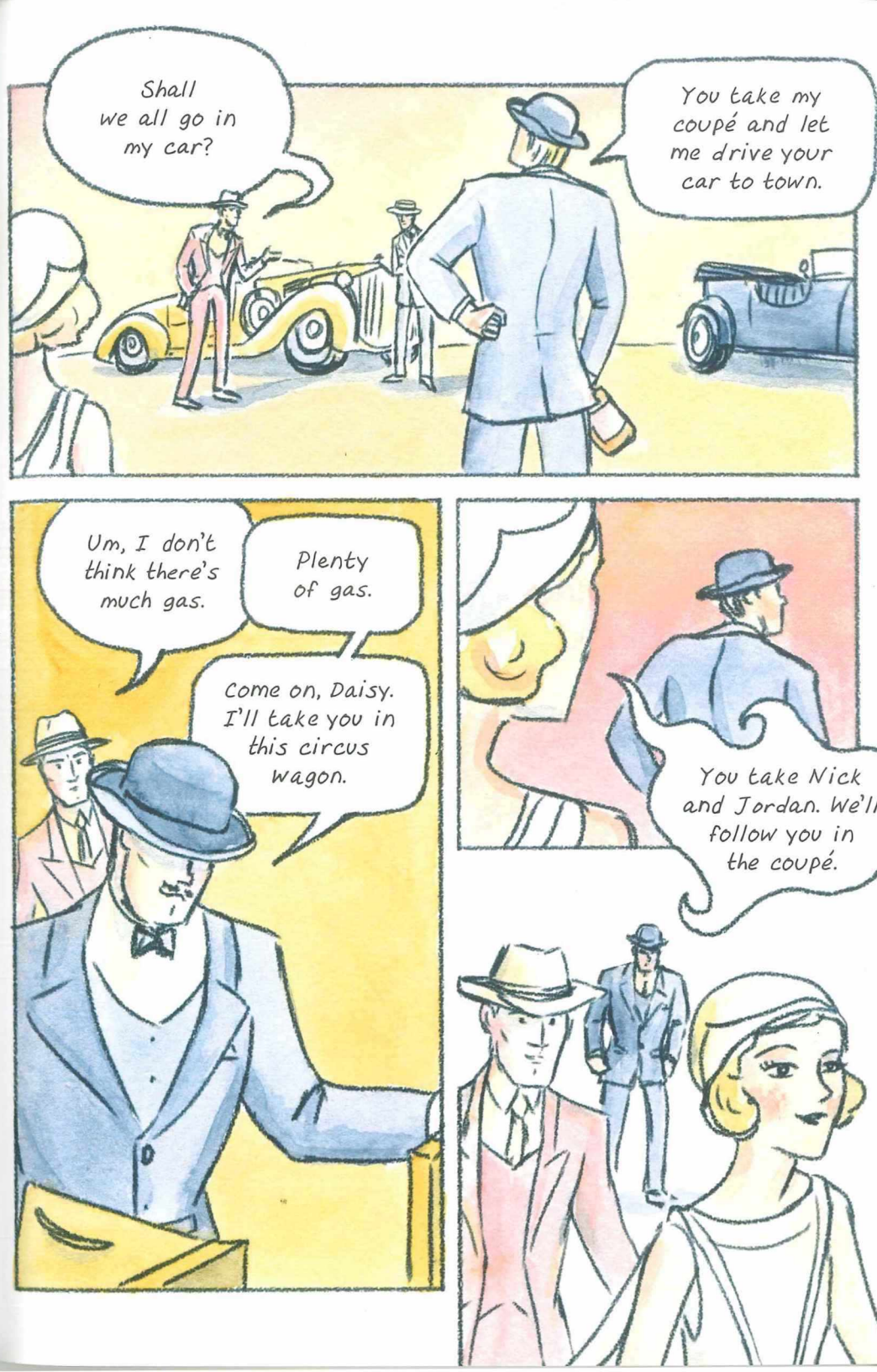

What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon?
And the day after that, and the next thirty years?

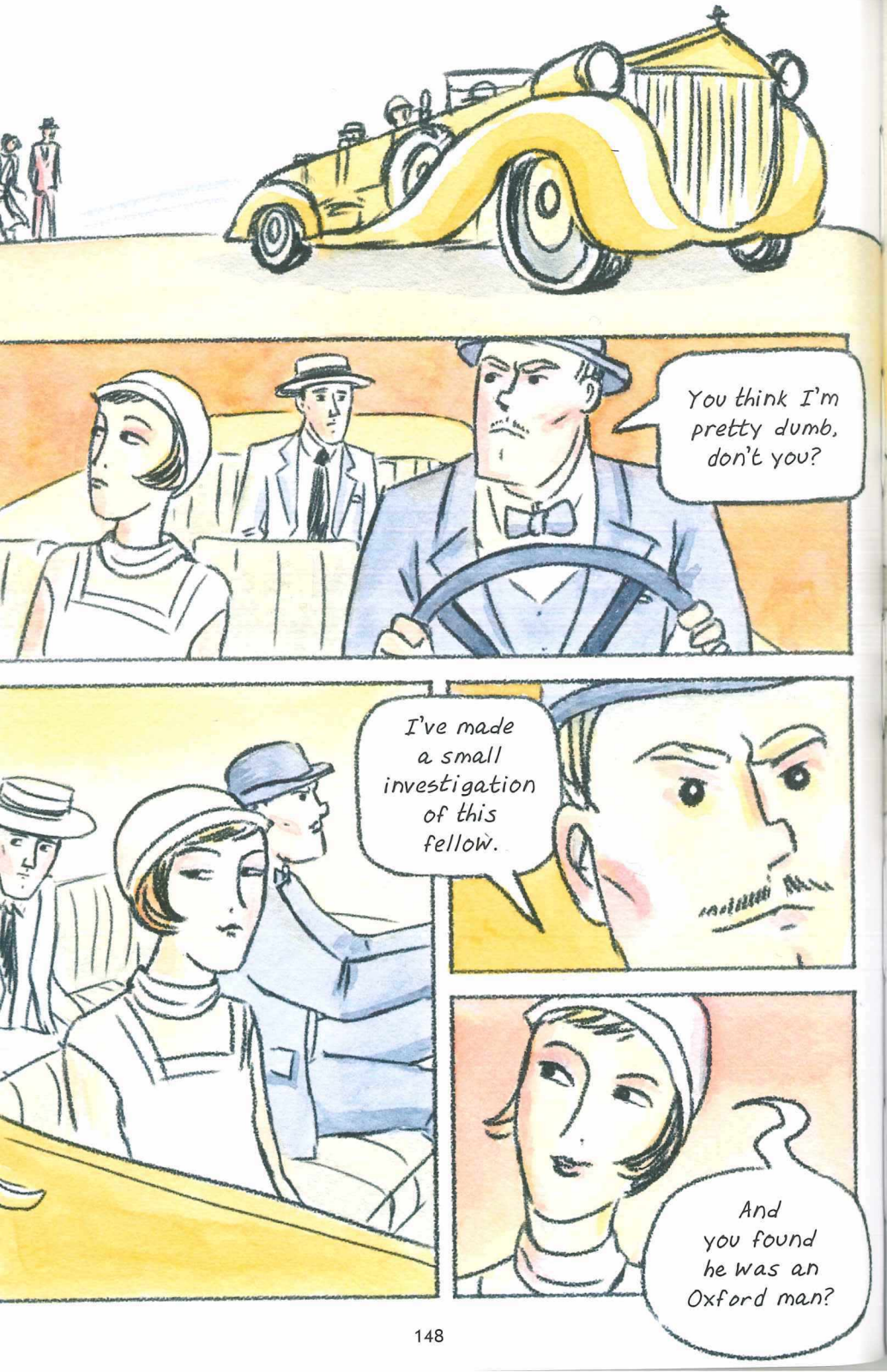
Don't be morbid.

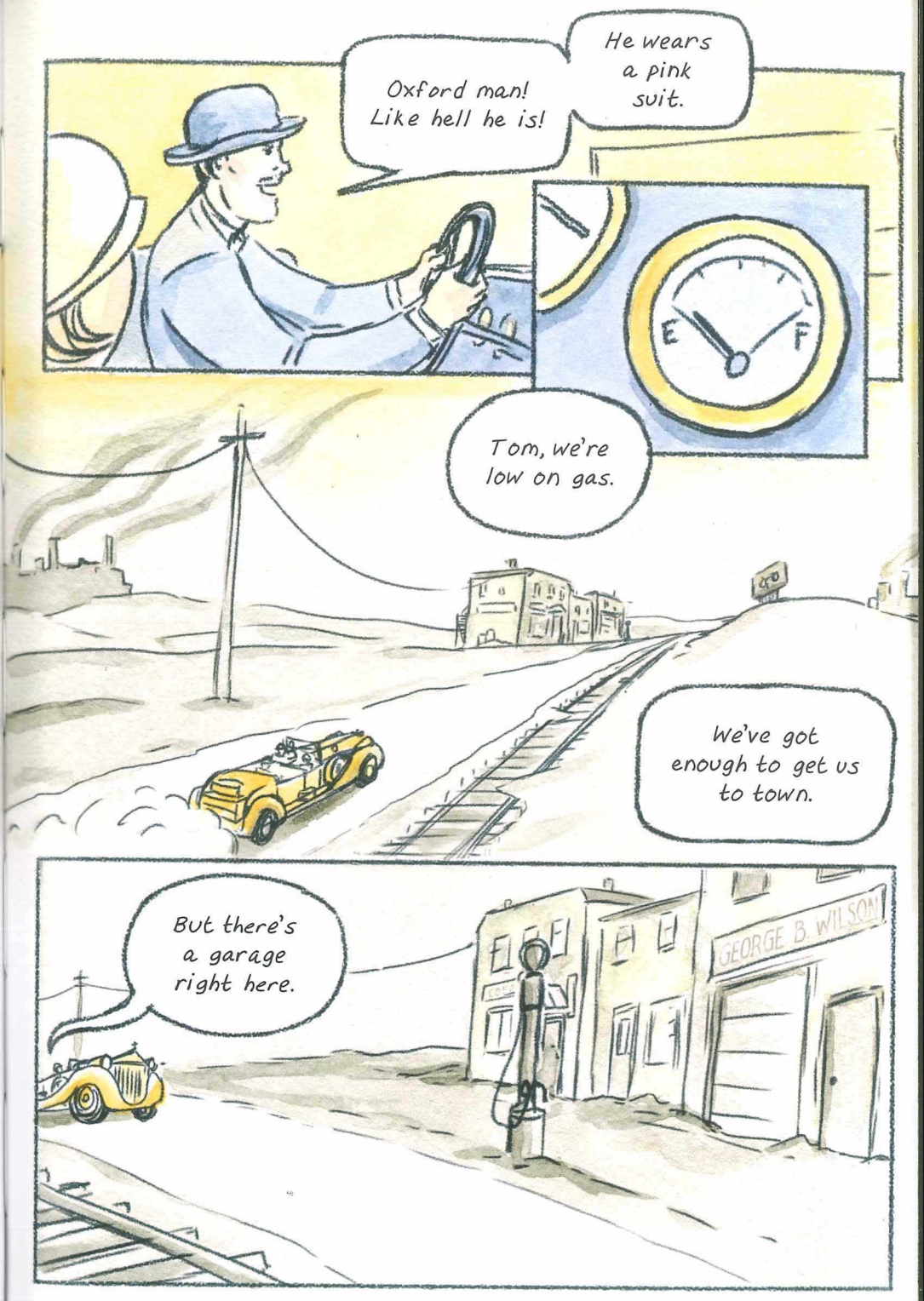
It's so hot and everything's so confused. Let's all go to town!

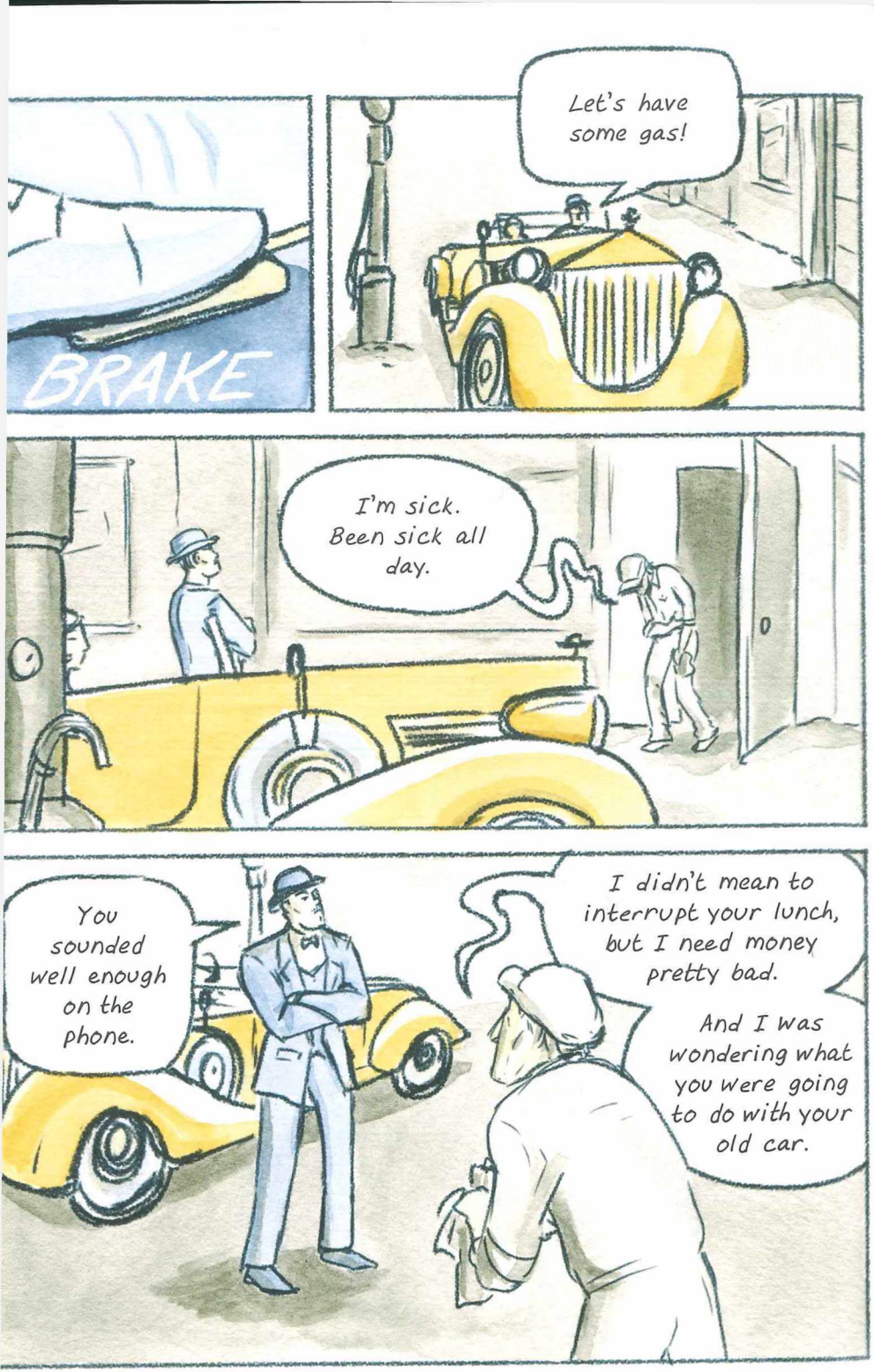
You always look so cool.
SHE HAD TOLD HIM
THAT SHE LOVED HIM
AND TOM BUCHANAN SAW.
Come on— we're all going to town.

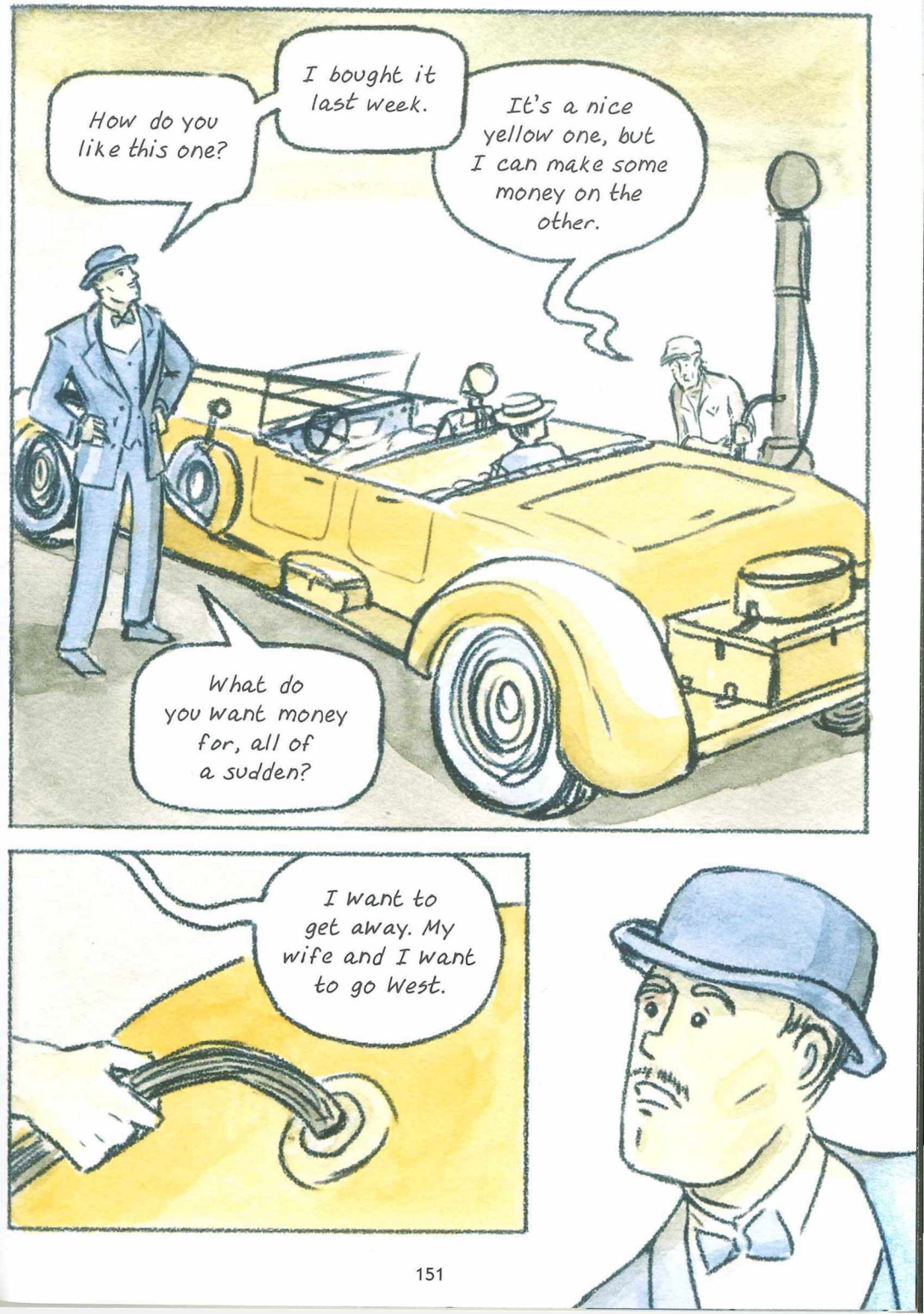
I can't say anything in his house, old sport.
She's got an indiscreet voice. It's full of—
Her voice is full of money.
THAT WAS IT. I'D NEVER UNDERSTOOD BEFORE. IT WAS FULL OF MONEY— THAT WAS THE INEXHAUSTIBLE CHARM THAT ROSE AND FELL IN IT, THE JINGLE OF IT, THE CYMBALS' SONG OF IT.... HIGH IN A WHITE PALACE THE KING'S DAUGHTER, THE GOLDEN GIRL....


Shall we all go in my car?
You take my coupé and let me drive your car to town.
Um, I don't think there's much gas.
Plenty of gas.
Come on, Daisy. I'll take you in this circus wagon.
You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the coupé.

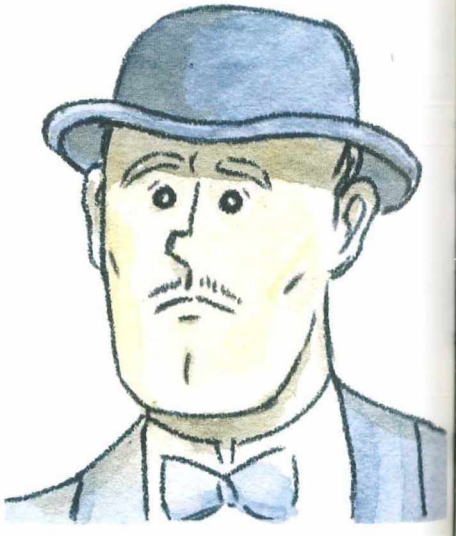

You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you?
I've made a small investigation of this fellow.
And you found he was an Oxford man?


Oxford man! Like hell he is!
He wears a pink suit.
E
F
Tom, we're low on gas.
We've got enough to get us to town.
But there's a garage right here.
GEORGE B. WILSON


BRAKE
Let's have some gas!
I'm sick. Been sick all day.
You sounded well enough on the phone.
I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch, but I need money pretty bad.
And I was wondering what you were going to do with your old car.

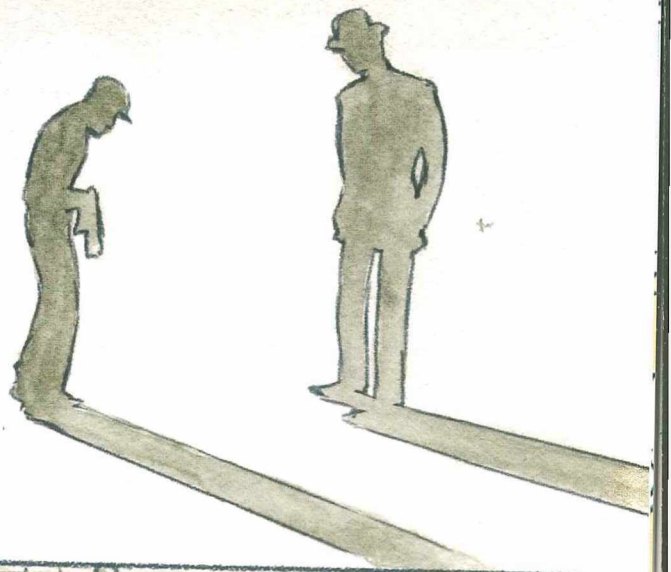

How do you like this one?
I bought it last week.
It's a nice yellow one, but I can make some money on the other.
What do you want money for, all of a sudden?
I want to get away. My wife and I want to go West.

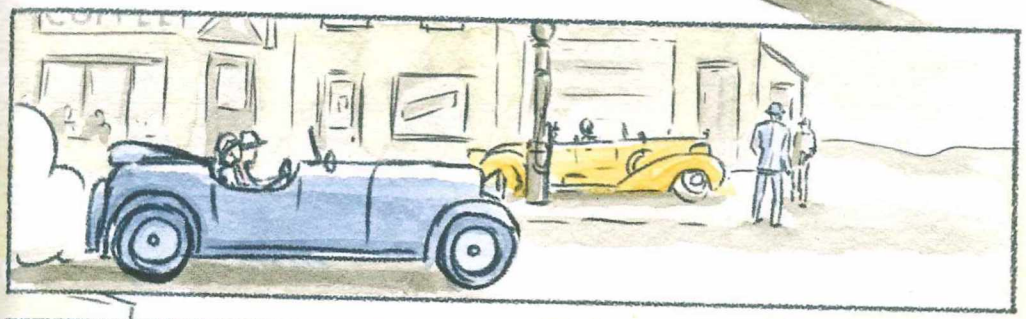
I realized that so far his suspicions hadn't alighted on Tom.



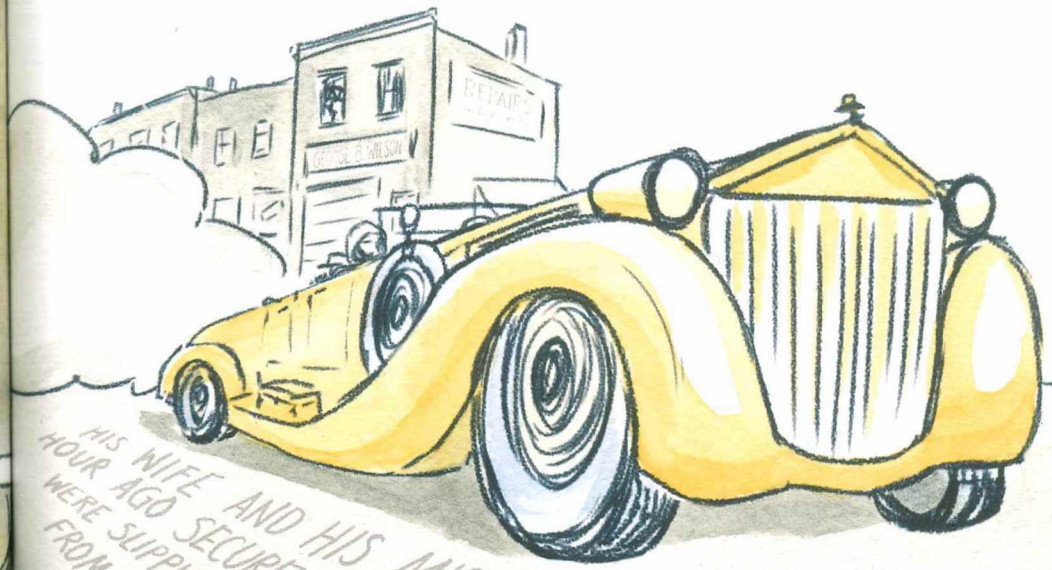
He had discovered that Myrtle had some sort of life apart from him in another world.

Tom had made a parallel discovery no less than an hour before.



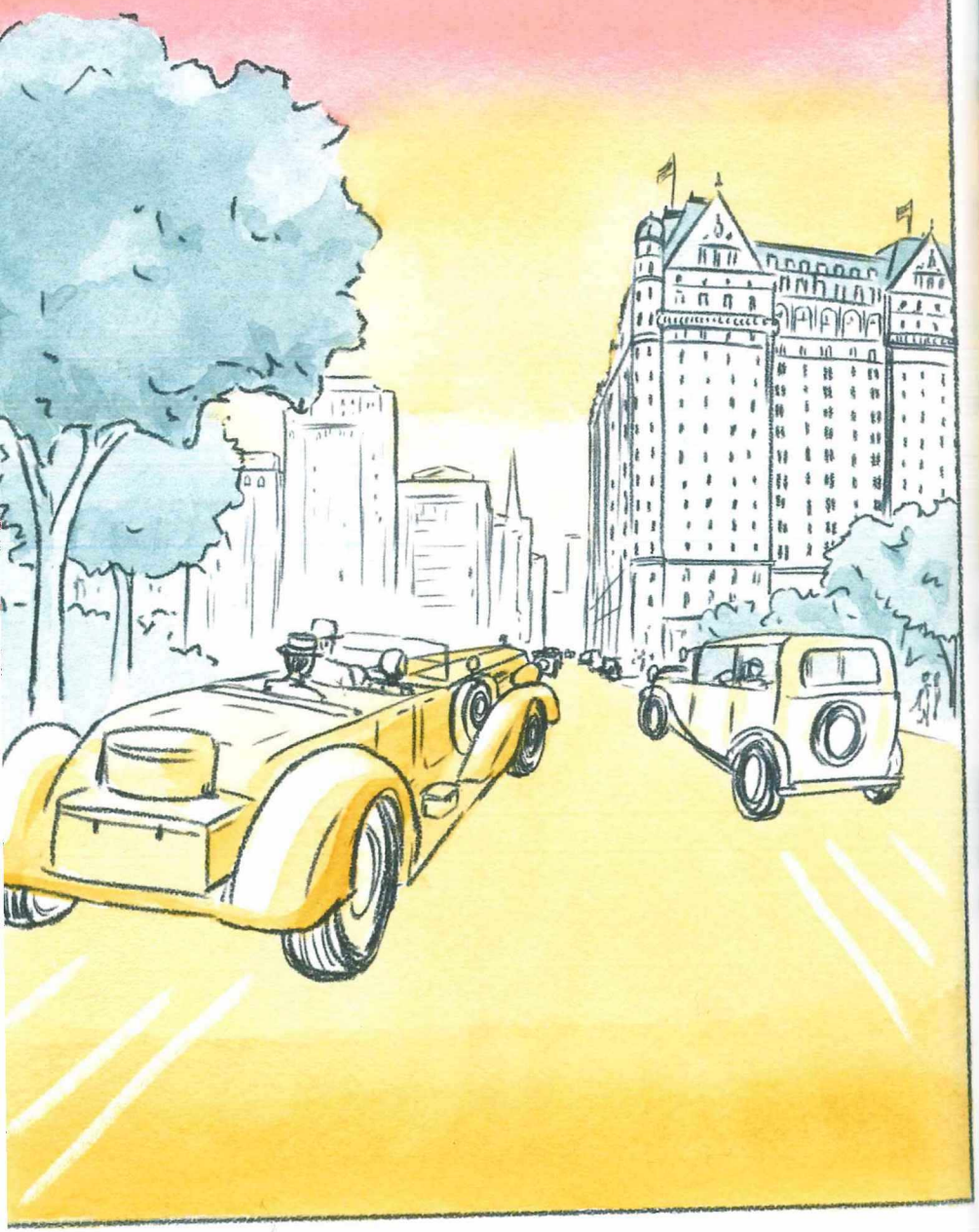


With the double purpose of overtaking Daisy and leaving Wilson behind, Tom sped toward Astoria.



HIS WIFE AND HIS MISTRESS, UNTIL AN HOUR AGO SECURE AND INVIOLATE, WERE SLIPPING PRECIPITATELY FROM HIS CONTROL.

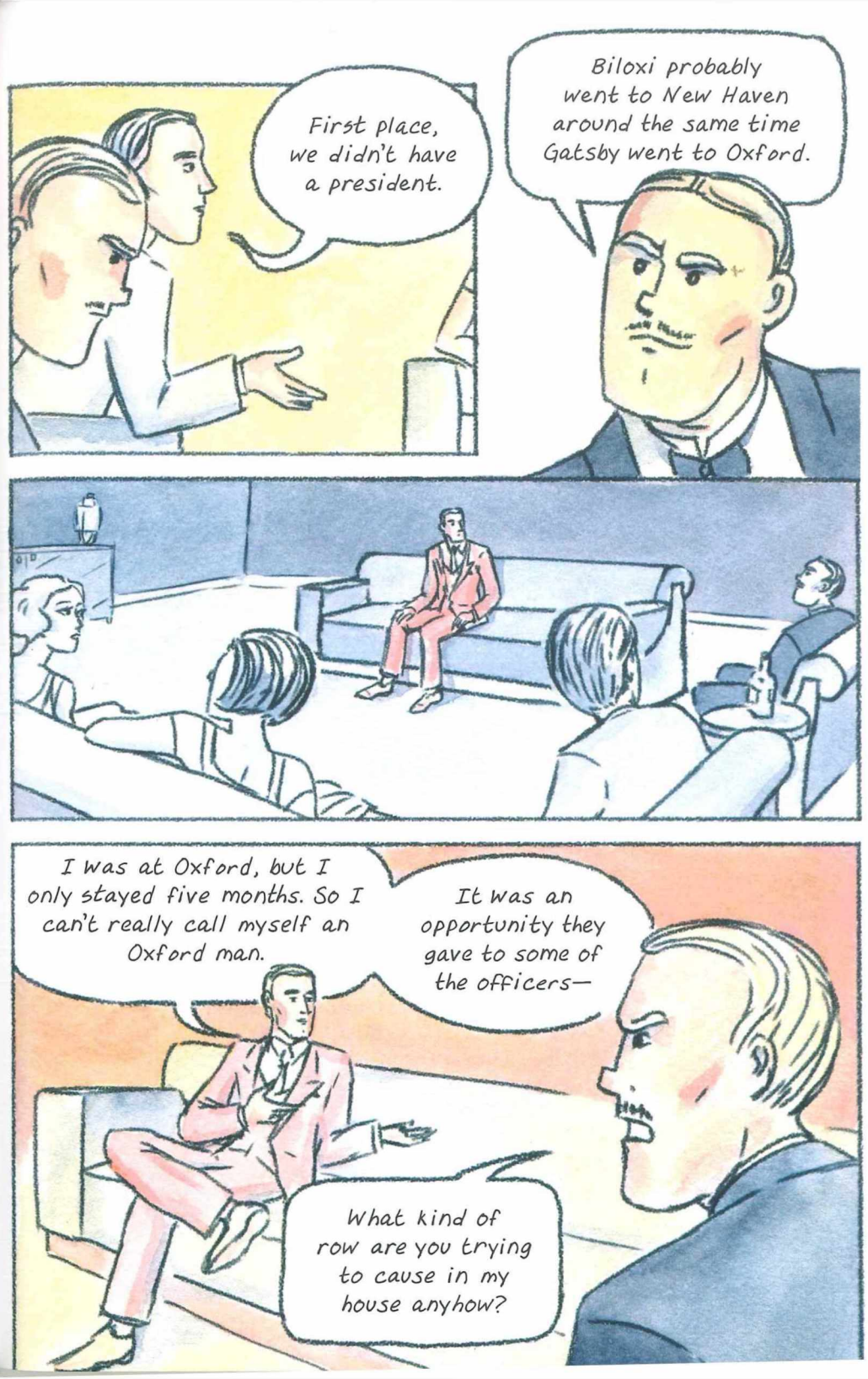
CHAPTER 8



I think Tom was afraid that Daisy and Gatsby would dart down a side street and out of his life forever.

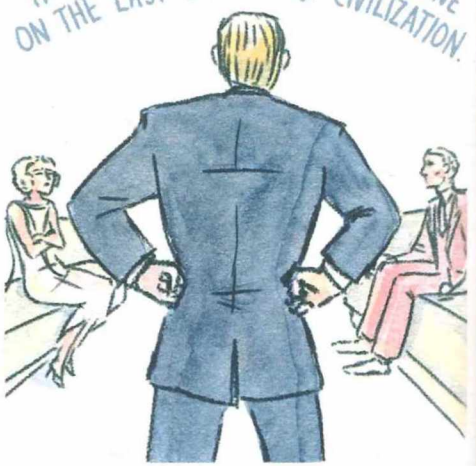
But they didn't. And we all took the less explicable step of engaging the parlor of a suite in the Plaza Hotel.

I was married in Louisville in the middle of June!
Somebody fainted.
Who was it fainted, Tom?
Biloxi.
Where'd you know him, Tom?
I thought he was Daisy's friend.
He told me he was president of your class at Yale.
Biloxi?

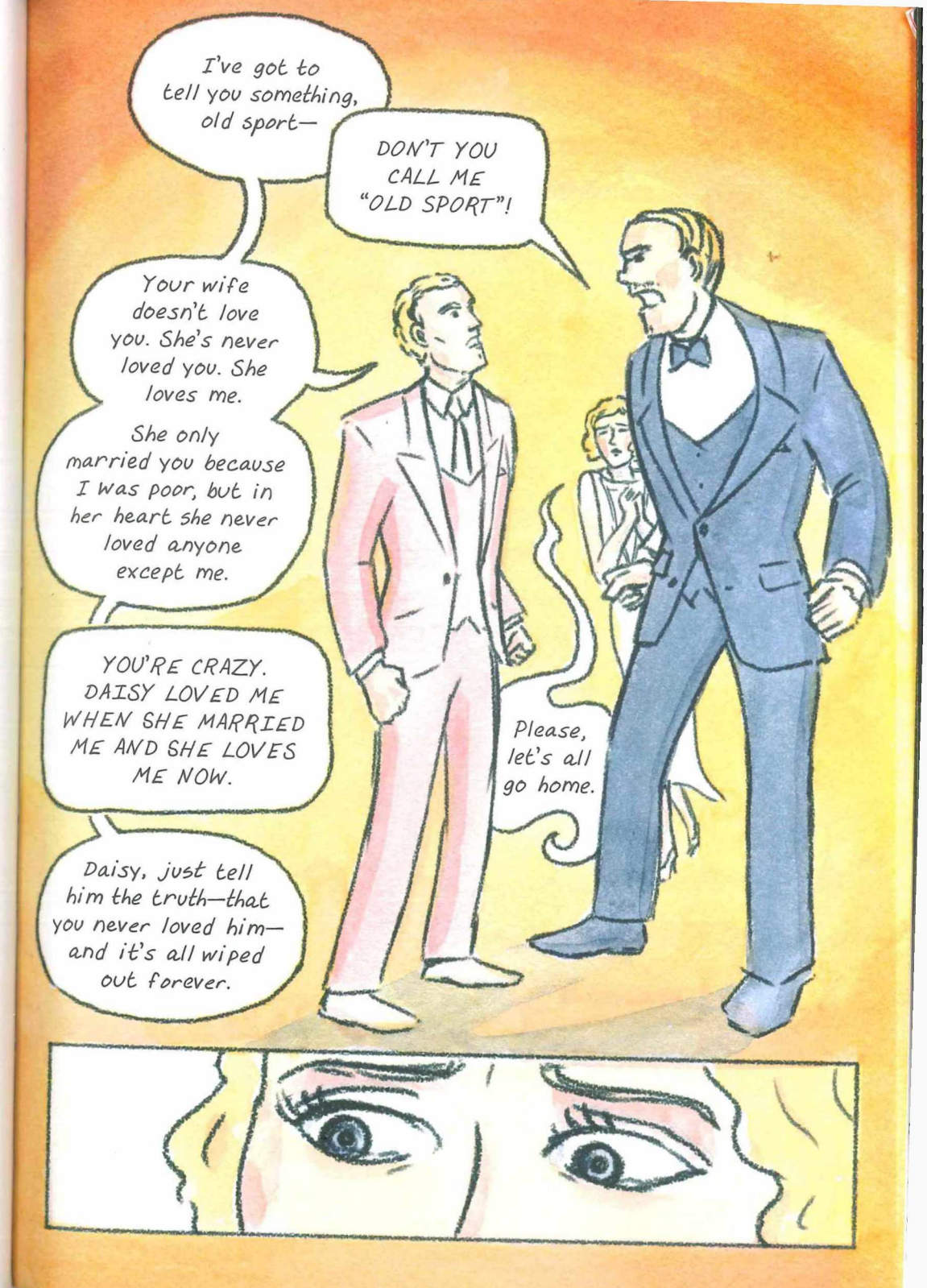

First place, we didn't have a president.
Biloxi probably went to New Haven around the same time Gatsby went to Oxford.
I was at Oxford, but I only stayed five months. So I can't really call myself an Oxford man.
It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers—
What kind of row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?

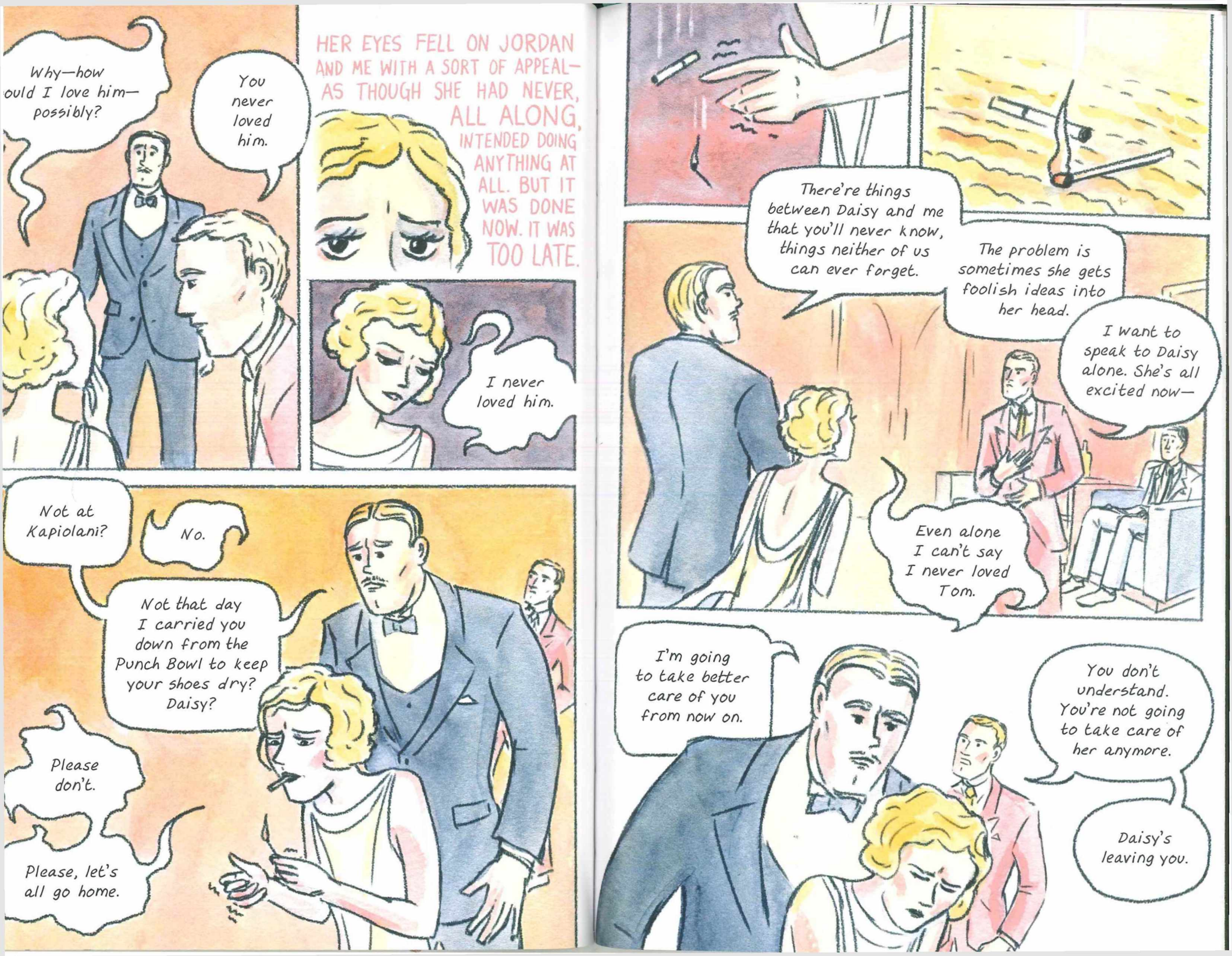
You're the one causing a row. Please have a little self-control.
Self-control!
And let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife.

Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white.


HE SAW HIMSELF STANDING ALONE ON THE LAST BARRIER OF CIVILIZATION.

We're all white here.

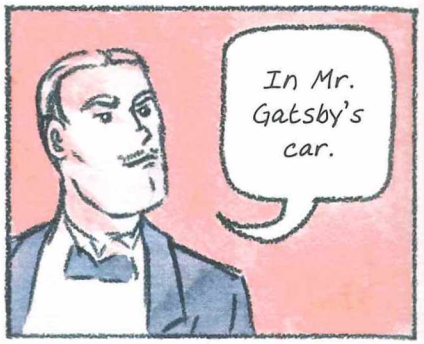

I've got to tell you something, old sport—
DON'T YOU CALL ME "OLD SPORT"!
Your wife doesn't love you. She's never loved you. She loves me.
She only married you because I was poor, but in her heart she never loved anyone except me.
YOU'RE CRAZY. DAISY LOVED ME WHEN SHE MARRIED ME AND SHE LOVES ME NOW.
Daisy, just tell him the truth—that you never loved him—and it's all wiped out forever.
Please, let's all go home.


Why—how could I love him—possibly?
You never loved him.
HER EYES FELL ON JORDAN AND ME WITH A SORT OF APPEAL—AS THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER, ALL ALONG, INTENDED DOING ANYTHING AT ALL. BUT IT WAS DONE NOW. IT WAS TOO LATE.
I never loved him.
Not at Kapiolani?
No.
Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry? Daisy?
Please don't.
Please, let's all go home.
There're things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things neither of us can ever forget.
The problem is sometimes she gets foolish ideas into her head.
I want to speak to Daisy alone. She's all excited now—
Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom.
I'm going to take better care of you from now on.
You don't understand. You're not going to take care of her anymore.
Daisy's leaving you.

Nonsense. She's not leaving me.
I am, though.
Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger.
Who are you, anyhow?
You're one of that bunch that hangs out with Meyer Wolfshiem.
How dare you . . . ? My good name!
Daisy, listen—it's not true.
I found out what your "drugstores" were. You and this Wolfshiem sold grain alcohol over the counter at drugstores. That's one of your little stunts.
I picked you for a bootlegger the first time I saw you, and I wasn't far wrong.
But that's just small change compared to what you're up to now. . . .

Please, Tom! I can't stand this anymore.

You two start on home, Daisy.

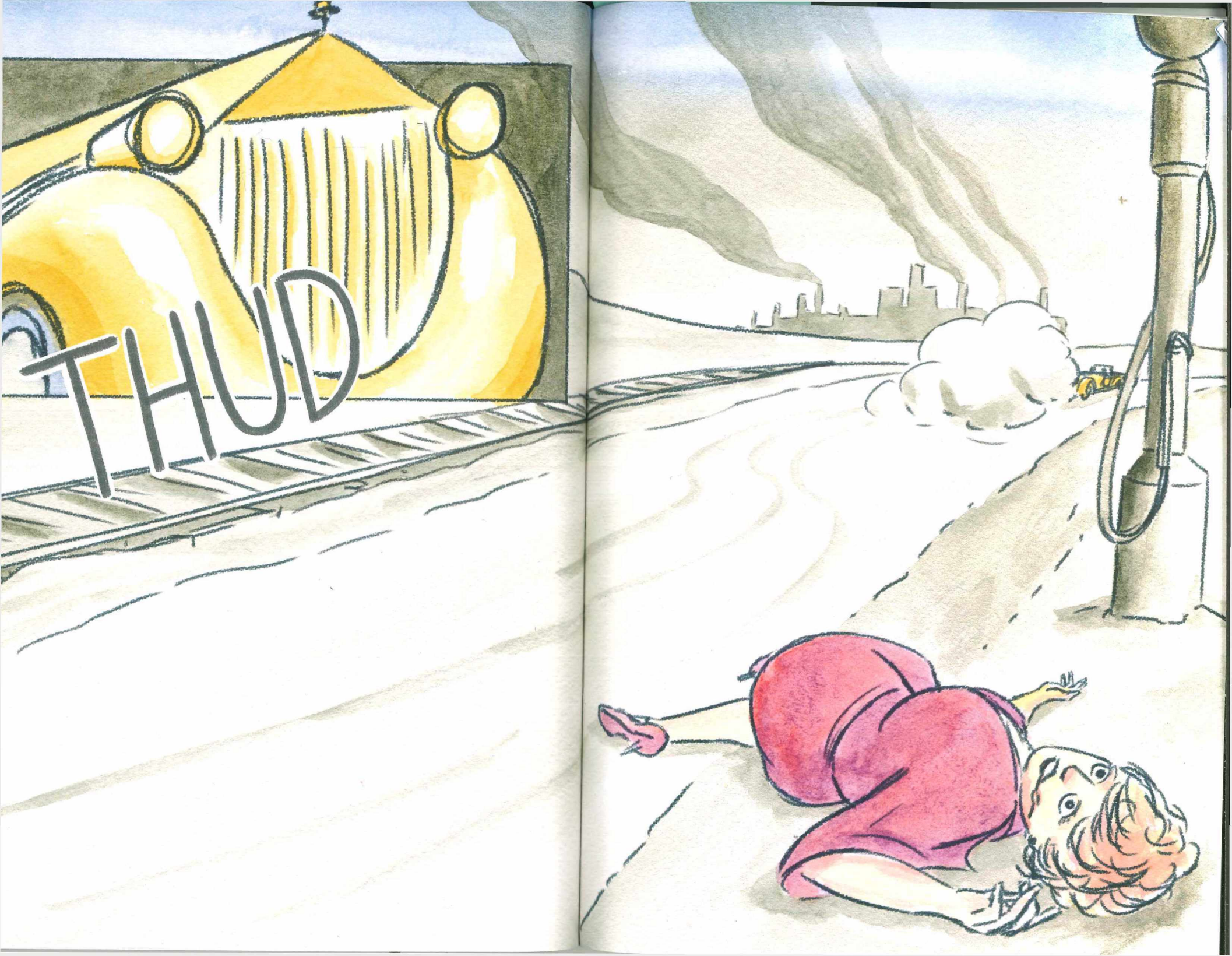

In Mr. Gatsby's car.

Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over.

THEY WERE GONE. WITHOUT A WORD. SNAPPED OUT, MADE ACCIDENTAL, ISOLATED. LIKE GHOSTS. EVEN FROM OUR PITY.

COFFEE
GEORGE B. WILSON
Michaelis, who ran the coffee joint beside the ash heaps, found Wilson sick in his office and advised him to go to bed.
I can't afford to lose business. . . .
AHHH
AHAHH

What was that?
I've got my wife locked in up there.
CRASH!
KLP
KLP

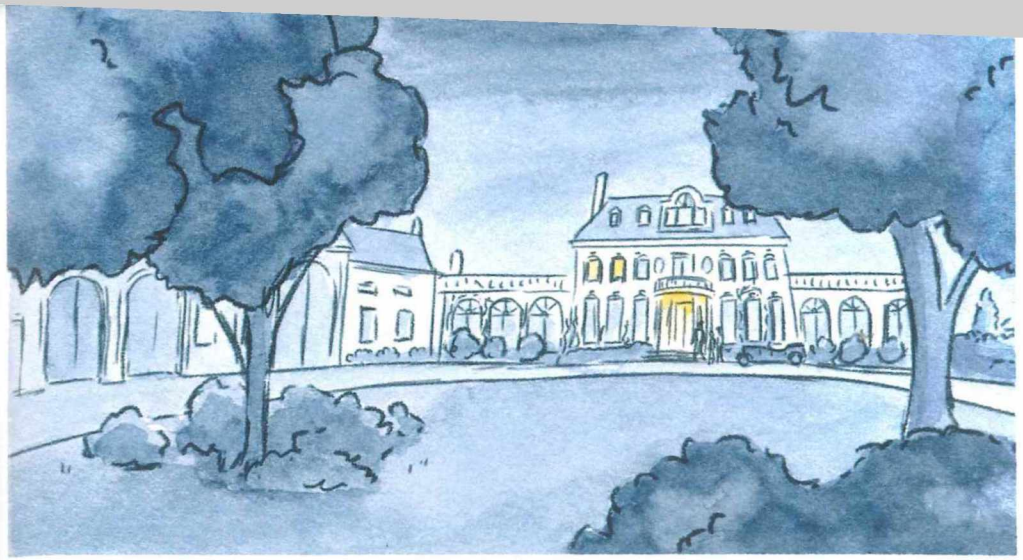

THUD

Wreck! That's good. Wilson'll have a little business at last.
We'll take a look.
OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD!

OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD!
OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD!
OH, MY GA-OD! OH, GA-OD.

OD! OH, MY GA-OD! OH, MY GA-OD!
What happened?
Auto hit her Instantly killed.
Instantly killed
She ran out in the road. Son of a bitch didn't even stop his car
It was a yellow car Big yellow car New
You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was!
I know what kind of car it was!
You've got to pull yourself together
Listen, I just got here a minute ago, from New York I was bringing you that coupé we've been talking about
The yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't mine— do you hear?
That's right I was following them
Let's get out

The God-damned coward!
He didn't even stop his car.

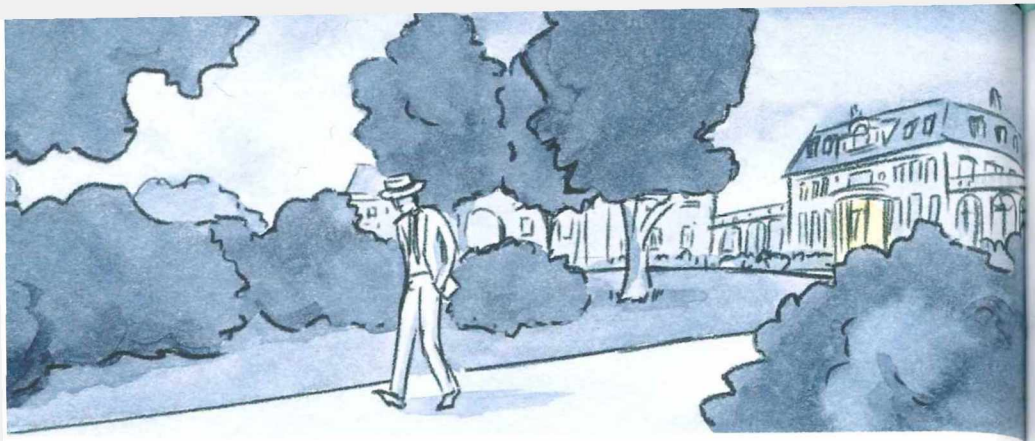


Daisy's home.

Come on in, Nick. I'll call you a taxi.
I'll just wait outside.

Won't you come in, Nick?

No, thanks.
I'd had enough of all of them for one day, and suddenly that included Jordan too.

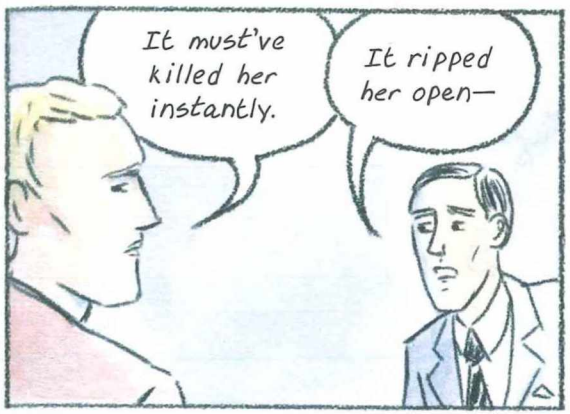


Nick.

Did you see any trouble on the road?
Yes.

Was she killed?
Yes. Her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage—
I tried to swing the wheel—
Was Daisy driving?

Yes. But of course I'll say I was.
When we left New York she was very nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive.


It must've killed her instantly.
It ripped her open—

Don't tell me, old sport.

Anyhow, I tried to make Daisy stop, but she couldn't.
She stood it pretty well.
She'll be all right tomorrow.
HE SPOKE AS IF DAISY'S REACTION WAS THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERED.

I don't think anyone saw us, but of course I can't be sure.
I HATED HIM SO MUCH BY THIS TIME THAT I DIDN'T FIND IT NECESSARY TO TELL HIM HE WAS WRONG

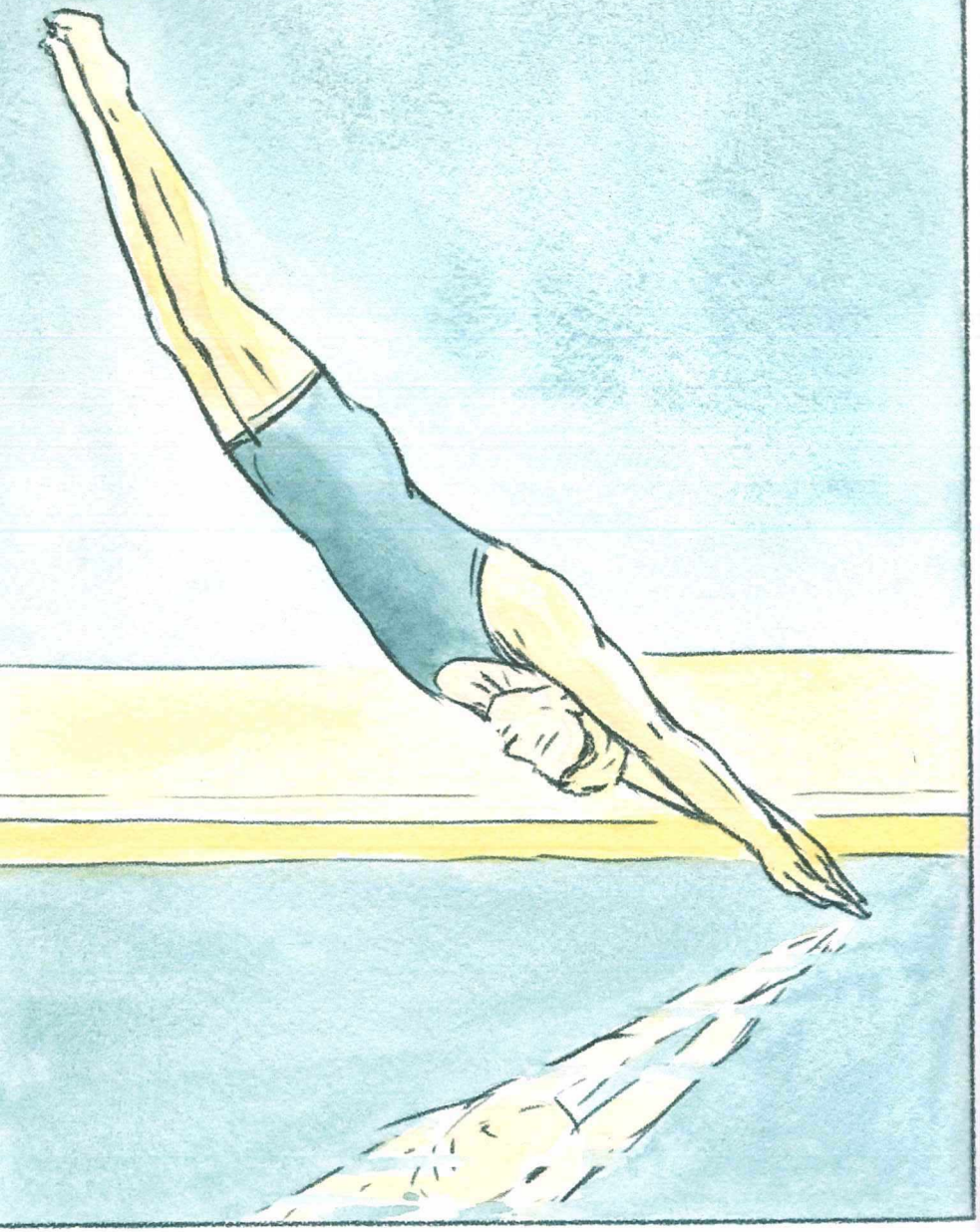
I'm going to stand here to make sure Tom won't try any brutality on her.
He won't touch her. He's not thinking about her.
I don't trust him, old sport.

I'll see if there's any sign of a commotion.

THEY WERE HAPPY—AND YET THEY WEREN'T UNHAPPY EITHER.
THERE WAS AN UNMISTAKABLE AIR OF NATURAL INTIMACY ABOUT THE PICTURE, AND ANYBODY WOULD HAVE SAID THEY WERE CONSPIRING TOGETHER.

It's all quiet.
I WALKED AWAY AND LEFT HIM STANDING THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT—WATCHING OVER NOTHING.

CHAPTER 9



I COULDN'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT. I TOSSED HALF-SICK BETWEEN GROTESQUE REALITY AND SAVAGE, FRIGHTENING DREAMS.

Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive.

I felt that I had something to tell him—

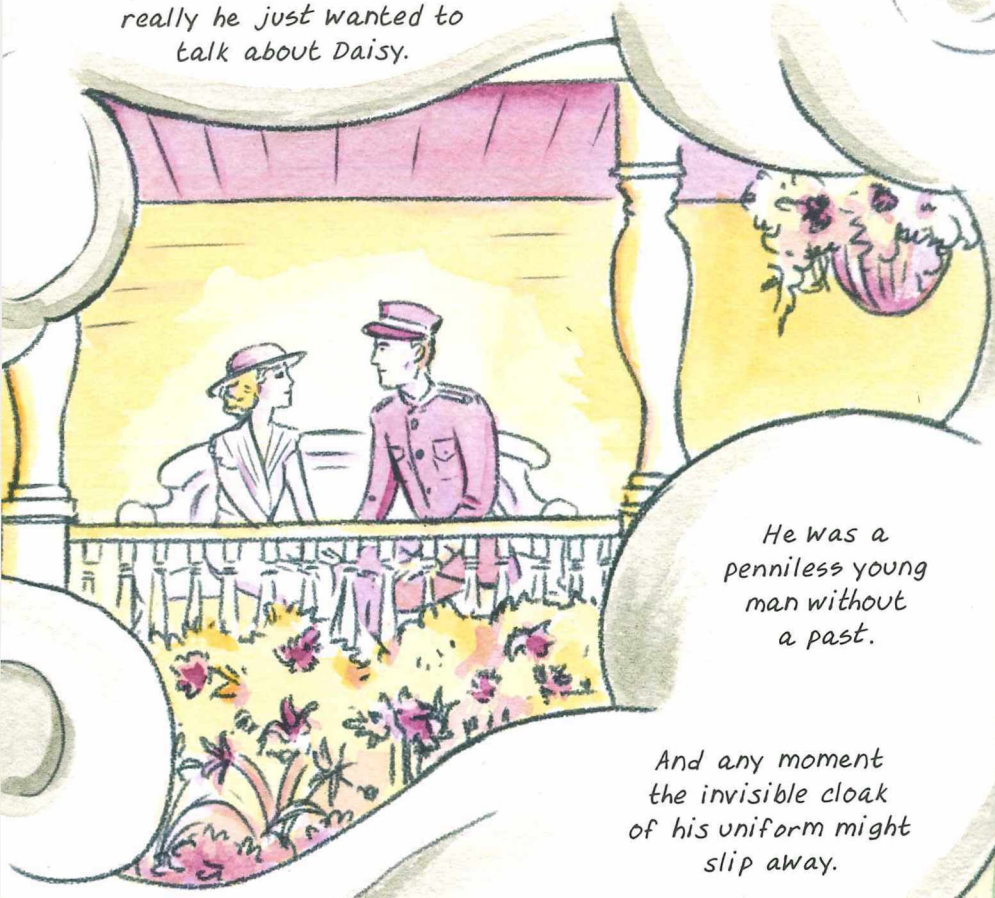
something to warn him about—and morning would be too late.

I waited, but nothing happened. She just went to bed.
You ought to go away. I'm pretty certain they'll trace your car.

Go away NOW, old sport?
But I don't know what Daisy's going to do!

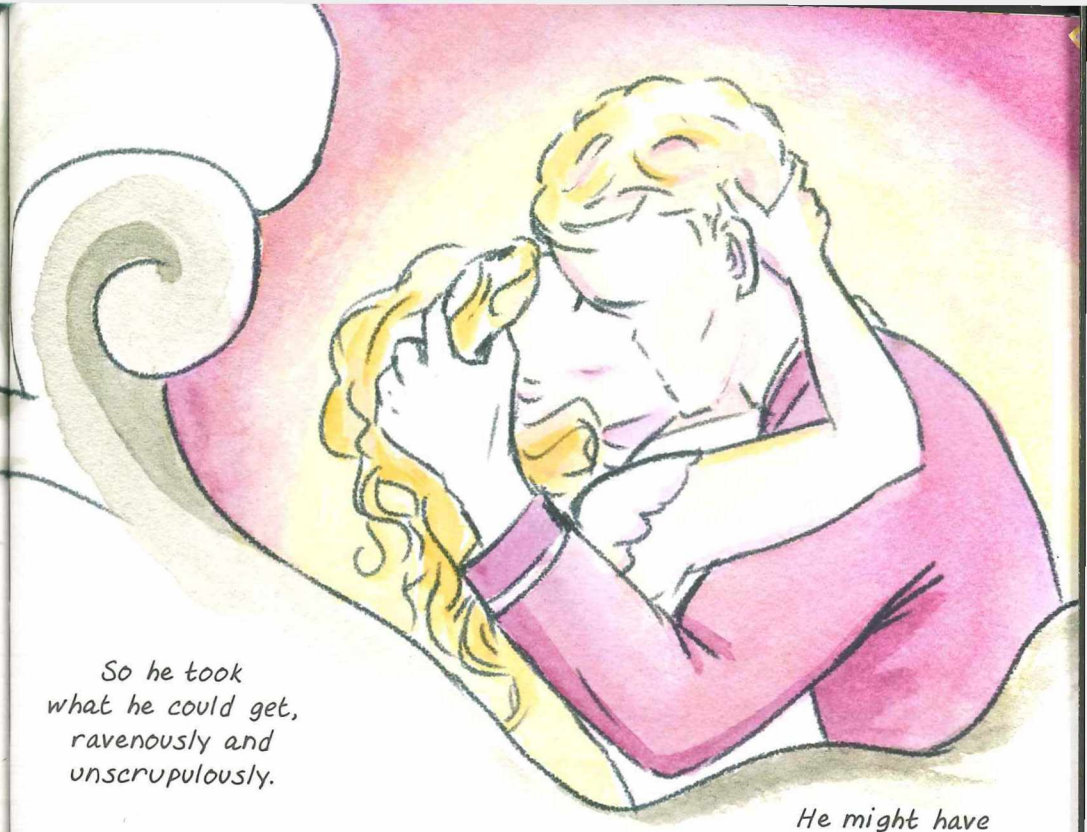
It was this night that Gatsby told me the strange story of his youth with Dan Cody. But really he just wanted to talk about Daisy.

She was the first "nice" girl he had ever known.



He was a penniless young man without a past.

And any moment the invisible cloak of his uniform might slip away.



So he took what he could get, ravenously and unscrupulously.

He took her because he had no real right to touch her hand.

He might have despised himself, for he had certainly taken her under false pretenses.

He let her believe that he was a person from much the same strata as herself—that he was fully able to take care of her.

But he didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as he had imagined.

He had intended, probably, to take what he could and go—but now he found he had committed himself to the following of a grail.

She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving Gatsby—nothing.

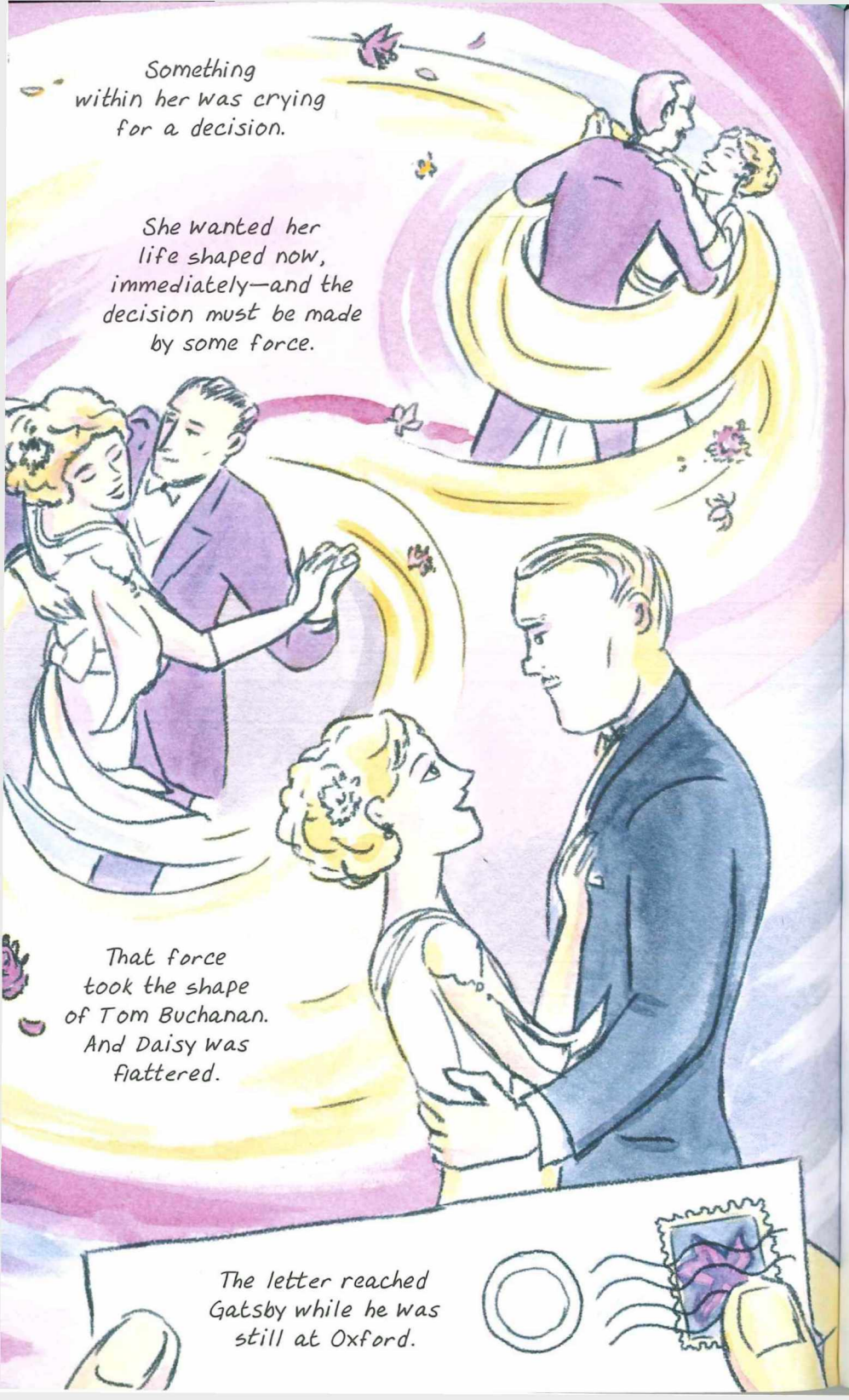
He felt married to her, that was all.

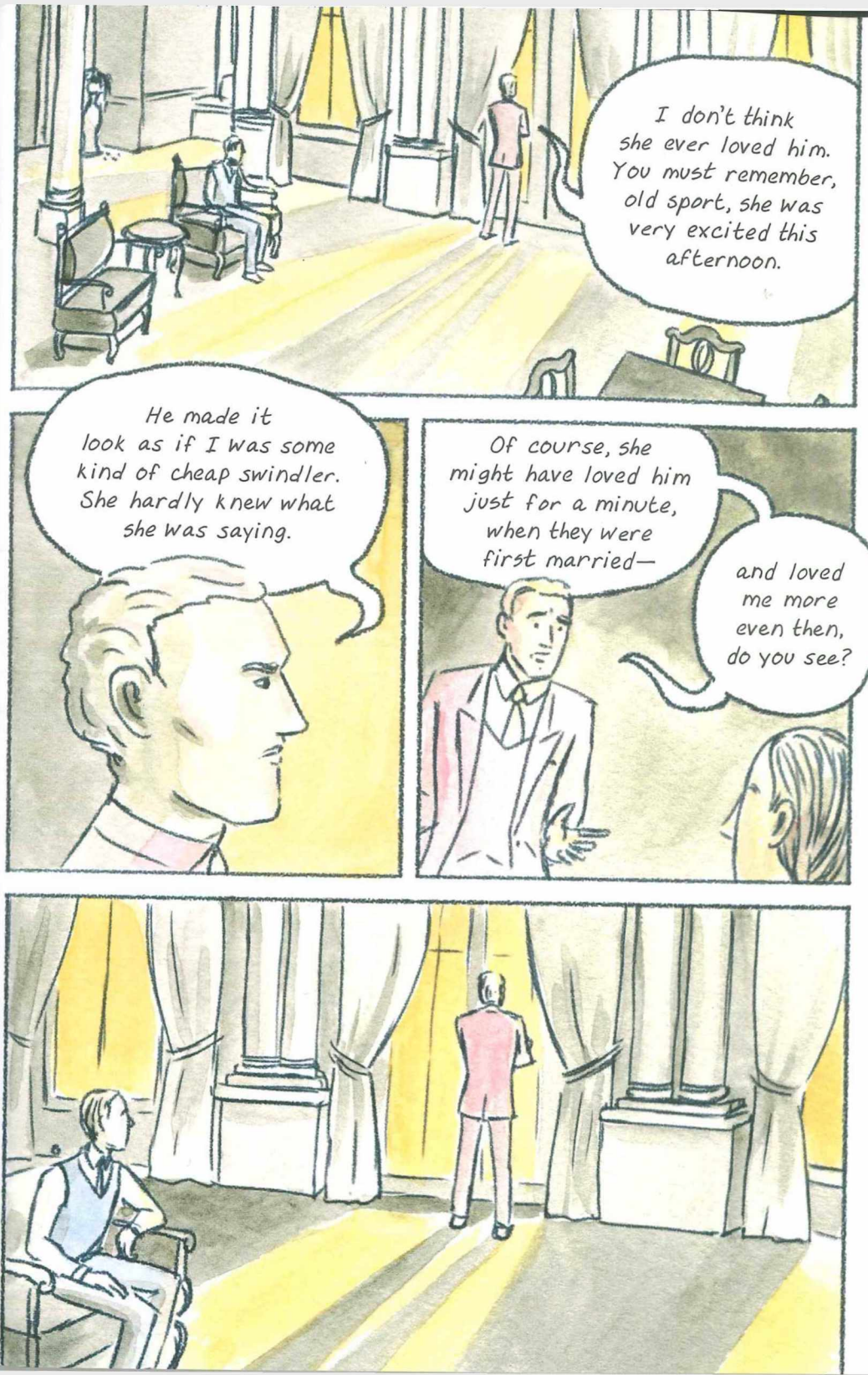
He did extraordinarily well in the war.

He tried frantically to get home, but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead.

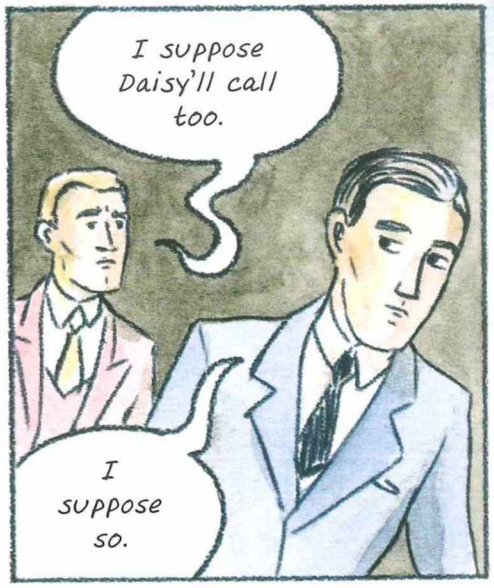
He was worried now—there was a nervous despair in Daisy's letters.

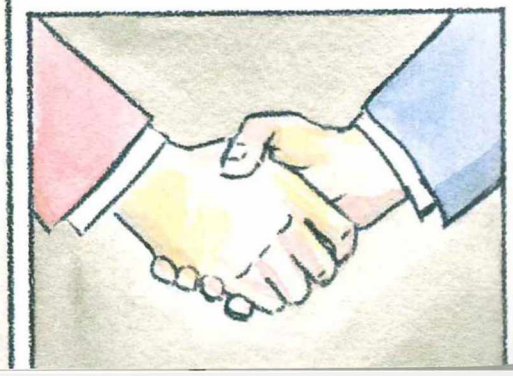
DAISY WAS YOUNG AND HER ARTIFICIAL WORLD WAS LED BY ORCHESTRAS WHICH SET THE RHYTHM OF THE YEAR.

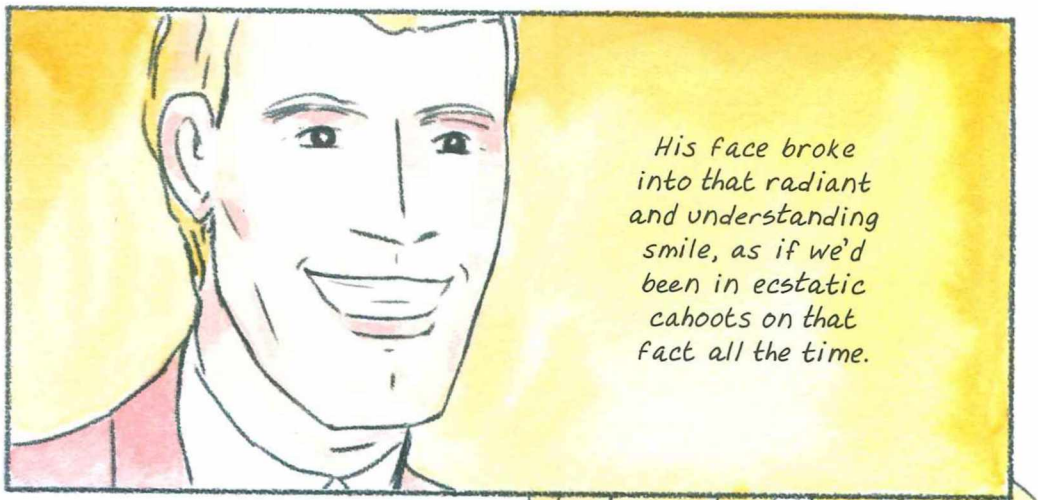

Something within her was crying for a decision.
She wanted her life shaped now, immediately—and the decision must be made by some force.
That force took the shape of Tom Buchanan. And Daisy was flattered.
The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.


I don't think she ever loved him. You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon.
He made it look as if I was some kind of cheap swindler. She hardly knew what she was saying.
Of course, she might have loved him just for a minute, when they were first married—
and loved me more even then, do you see?

didn't want to go to the city. vasn't worth a decent stroke of rk, but it was more than that— didn't want to leave Gatsby.

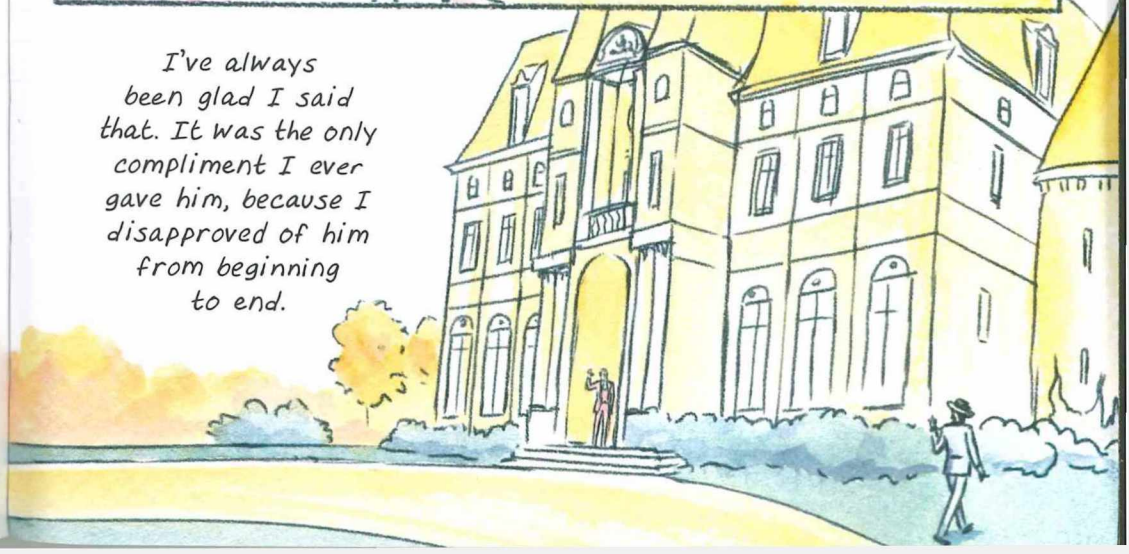






His face broke into that radiant and understanding smile, as if we'd been in ecstatic cahoots on that fact all the time.

I've always been glad I said that. It was the only compliment I ever gave him, because I disapproved of him from beginning to end.



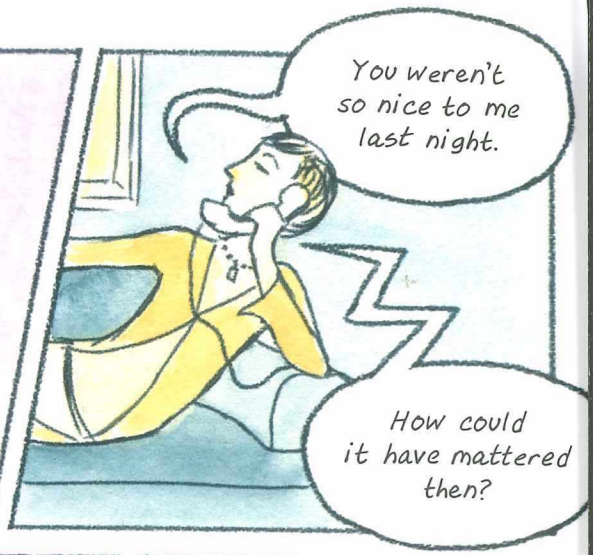
I'm sorry, sir, the line is still busy.

CLANK

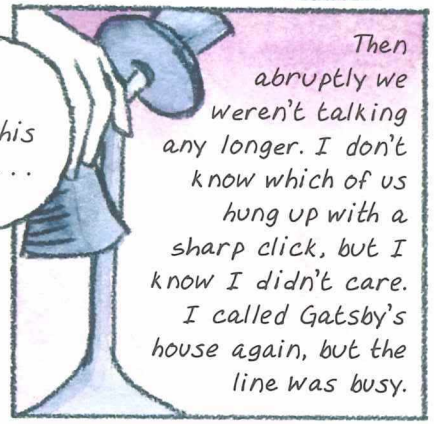
RING

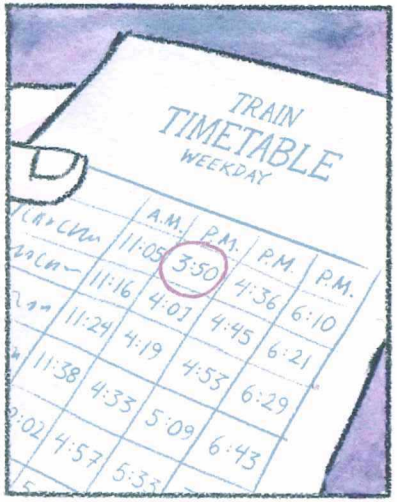
Gatsby?
No, it's Jordan.

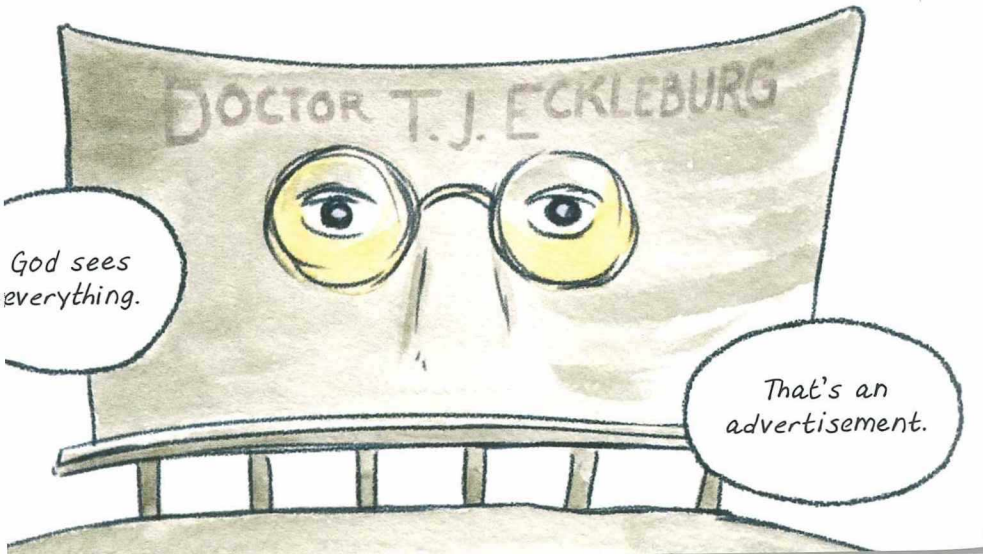
Oh, hello.

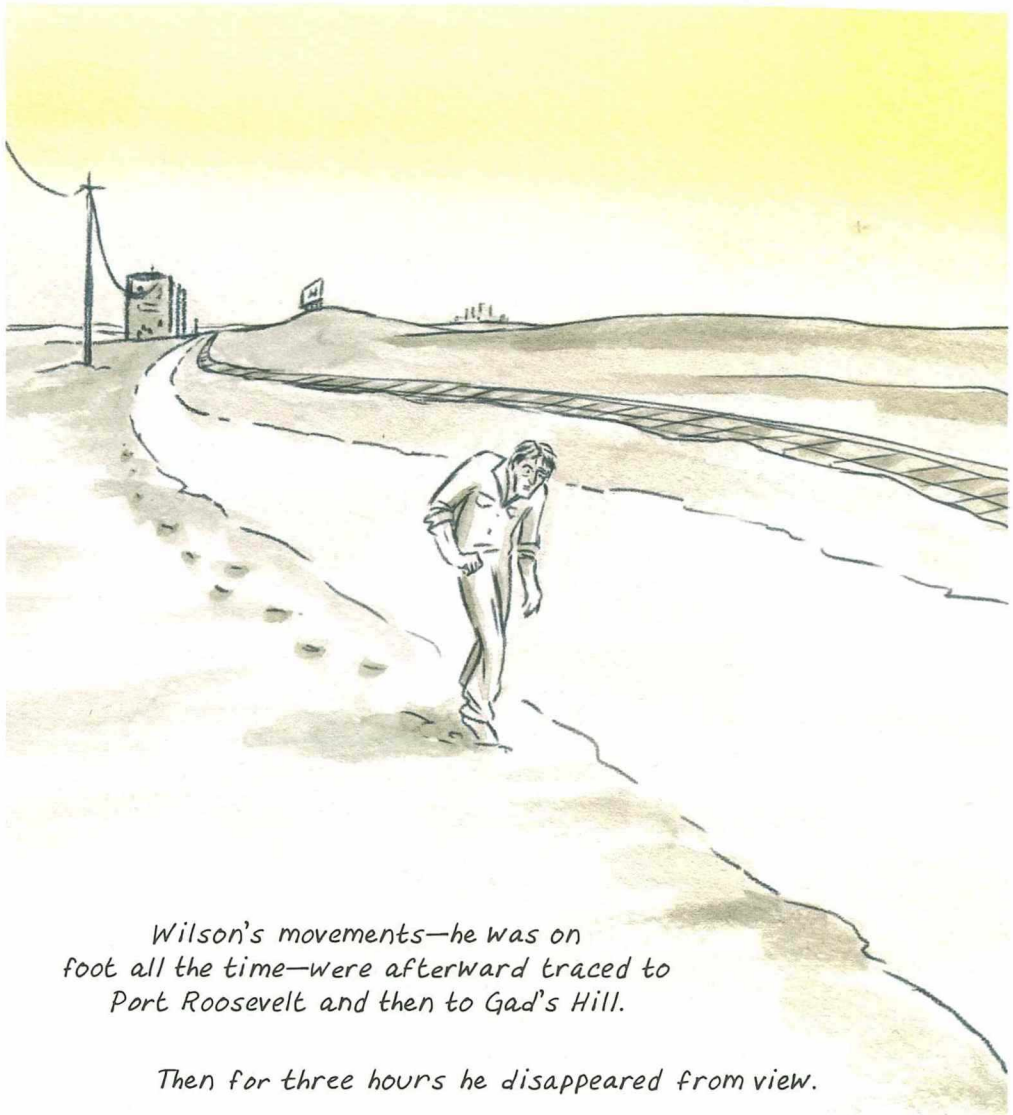

You weren't so nice to me last night.
How could it have mattered then?

However, I want to see you.
I want to see you, too.
But it's impossible this afternoon. . . .


Then abruptly we weren't talking any longer. I don't know which of us hung up with a sharp click, but I know I didn't care. I called Gatsby's house again, but the line was busy.


TRAIN TIMETABLE
WEEKDAY
A.M.
P.M.
P.M.
P.M.
11:05
3:50
4:36
6:10
11:16
4:07
4:45
6:21
11:24
4:19
4:53
6:29
11:38
4:33
5:09
6:43
4:57





Wilson's movements—he was on foot all the time—were afterward traced to Port Roosevelt and then to Gad's Hill.

Then for three hours he disappeared from view.

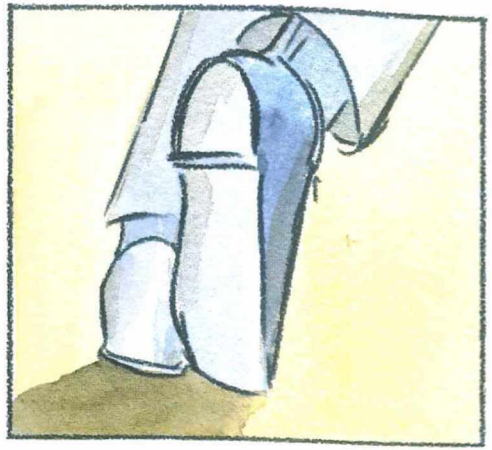
By half-past two he was in West Egg, where he asked someone the way to Gatsby's house.

So by that time he knew Gatsby's name.

Gatsby left word
h the butler that if
ne phoned word was
be brought to him
by the pool.
No telephone
message
arrived.
I have an idea that
Gatsby himself didn't
believe it would come,
and perhaps he
no longer cared.
If that was true
he must have felt that
he had lost the old world,
paid a high price for
living too long with a
single dream.

WHERE'S GATSBY?

At the pool . . .



CHAPTER 10

I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone.

From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg Village, I found that all practical questions were referred to me.

I was responsible because no one else was interested—interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which everyone has some vague right at the end.

This Wilson was a madman. . . .
May I speak to Daisy? It's urgent—
y've packed their bags gone away.
Left no address?
NO.
Say when they'd be back?
NO.
I wanted to get somebody for him.

Mr. Wolfshiem?
Sorry, sir. I'm afraid no one's answering.

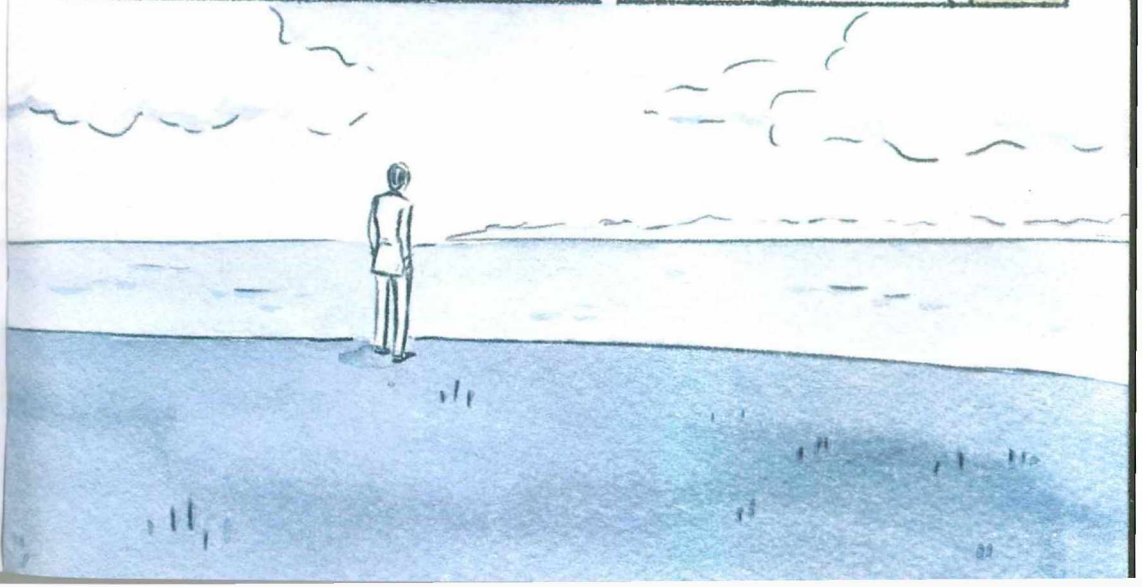
The sheet was drawn back, and I heard in my head Gatsby's voice. . . .
Look here, old sport, you've got to get somebody for me.
You've got to try hard. I can't go through this alone.

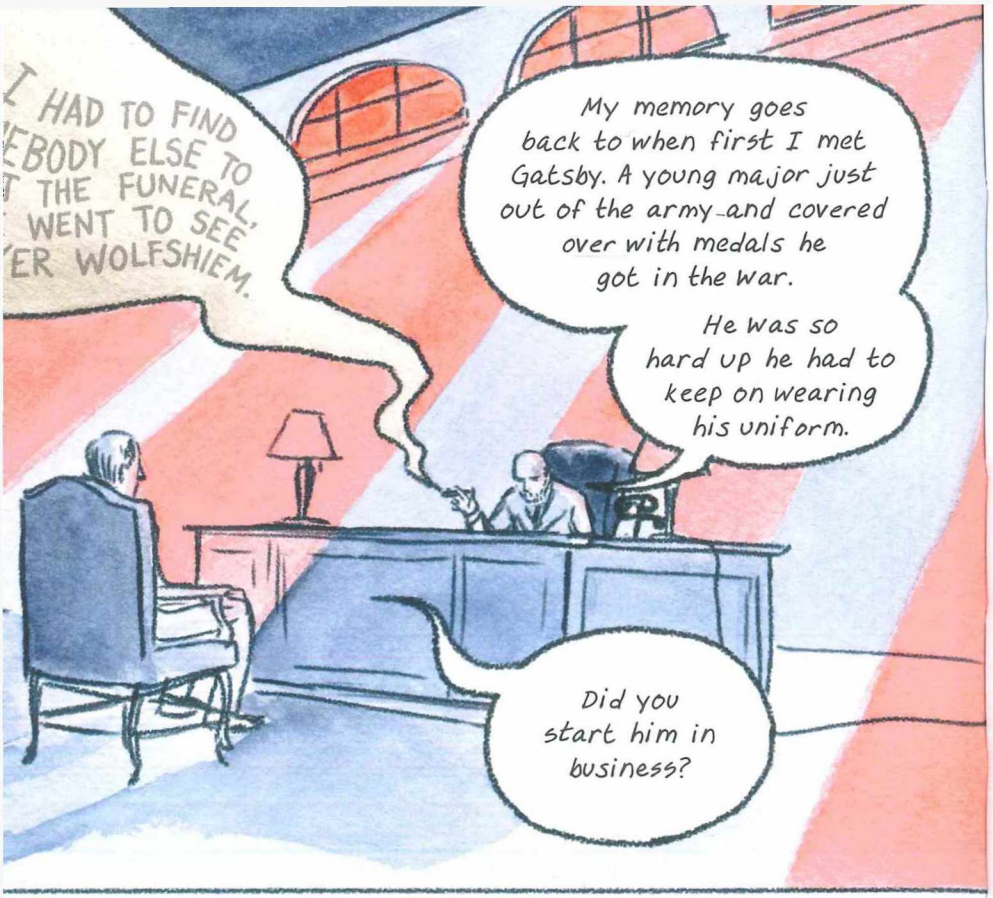
Are you coming to Gatsby's funeral?
The man got what he deserved.

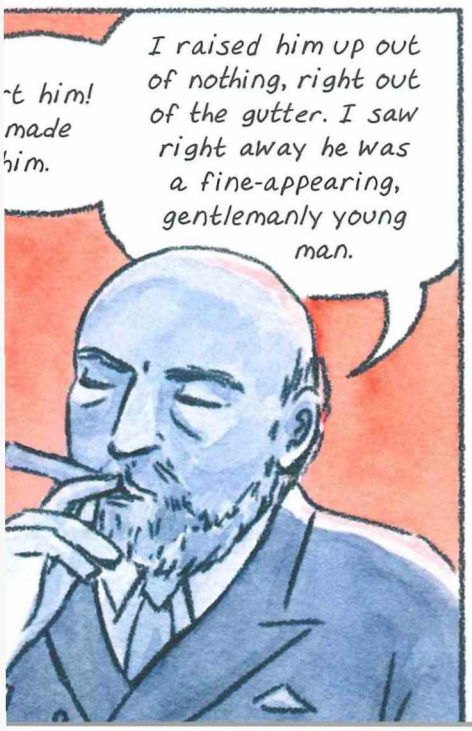
coming
o the
neral?
I've got a picnic, but could you send along my tennis shoes? I'm sort of helpless without them. I left them—
CLICK

RINNG
Hello!
This is Slagle speaking.
Young Parke's in trouble. They picked him up when he handed the bonds over the counter—

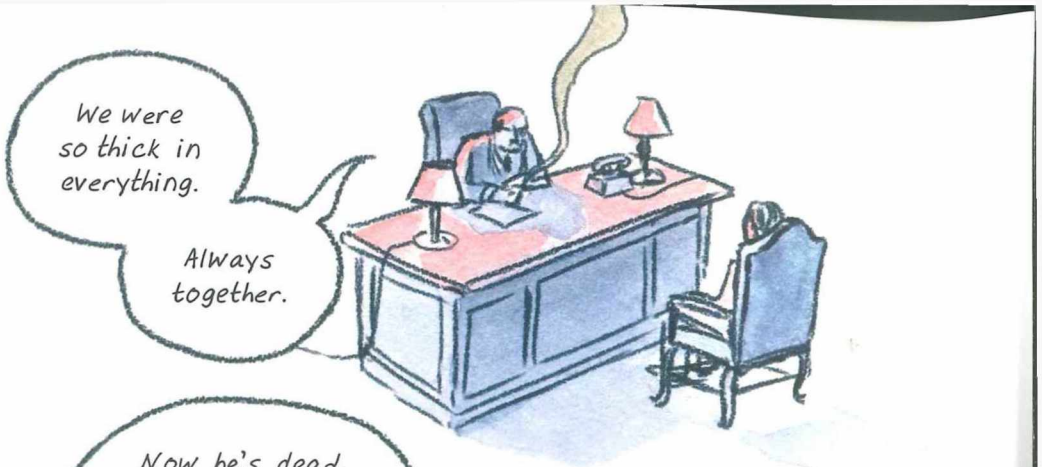
Hello! Look here— this isn't Mr. Gatsby.
Mr. Gatsby's dead.
CLICK




I HAD TO FIND
EBODY ELSE TO
T THE FUNERAL,
WENT TO SEE
ER WOLFSHIEM.
My memory goes back to when first I met Gatsby. A young major just out of the army and covered over with medals he got in the war.
He was so hard up he had to keep on wearing his uniform.
Did you start him in business?


t him!
made
him.
I raised him up out of nothing, right out of the gutter. I saw right away he was a fine-appearing, gentlemanly young man.

When he told me he was an Oxford man I knew I could use him good.


We were so thick in everything.
Always together.

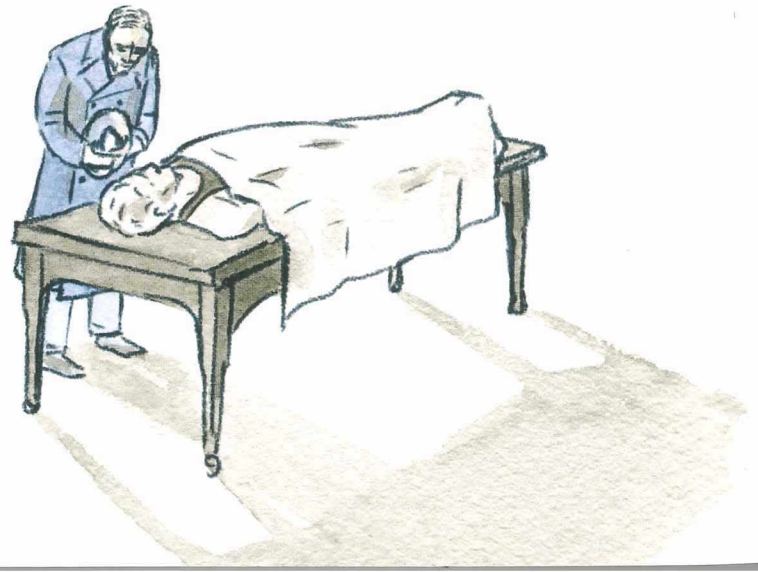
Now he's dead. You were his closest friend, so I know you'll want to come to his funeral.
I'd like to come.
Well, come then.
I can't get mixed up in it. When a man gets killed, I keep out.

Let us learn to show our friendship for a man when he is alive and not after he is dead.
After that my own rule is to let everything alone.

TELEGRAM
DELAY MY SON'S FUNERAL
UNTIL I ARRIVE
LEAVING IMMEDIATELY
HENRY C. GATZ
Mr. Gatsby?
Gatz is my name.
I saw the news of my son's death in the Chicago newspaper.
Oh!

Jimmy sent me this picture.
I think it's a very pretty picture.

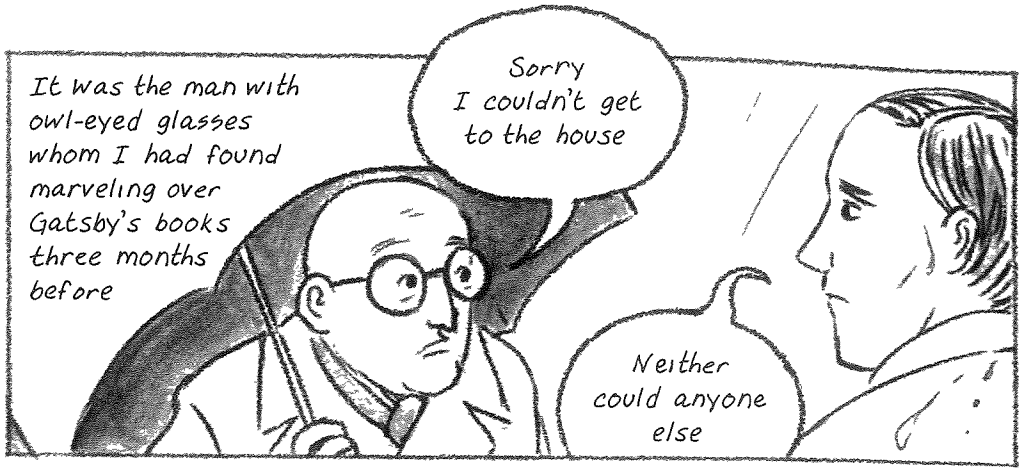
re you
nd of my
, Mr.—?
Close friends.



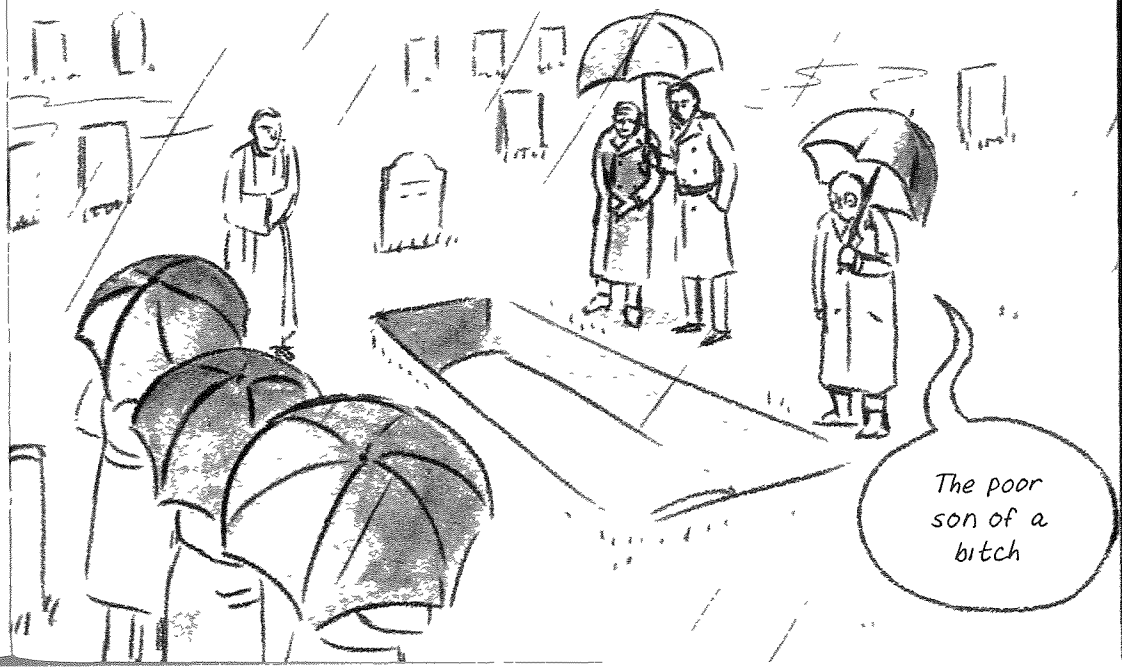
I thought you might want to take the body West?
Jimmy always liked it better down East. He rose up to his position in the East.

He had a big future before him, you know.
If he'd lived, he'd of been a great man. He'd of helped build up the country.

We delayed the funeral by half an hour, hoping for more guests to arrive But it was only Mr Gatz, a handful of servants, and myself
Nobody came


It was the man with owl-eyed glasses whom I had found marveling over Gatsby's books three months before
Sorry I couldn't get to the house
Neither could anyone else

Why, my God! They used to go there by the hundreds


The poor son of a bitch

JAY GATSBY
1890-1922
AFTER GATSBY'S DEATH, THE EAST WAS HAUNTED FOR ME, DISTORTED BEYOND MY EYES' POWER OF CORRECTION.
WEST EGG, ESPECIALLY, STILL FIGURES IN MY MORE FANTASTIC DREAMS.
SO I DECIDED TO COME BACK HOME.
THERE WAS ONE THING TO BE DONE BEFORE I LEFT, AN AWKWARD, UNPLEASANT THING THAT PERHAPS HAD BETTER HAVE BEEN LET ALONE.
BUT I WANTED TO LEAVE THINGS IN ORDER AND NOT JUST TRUST THAT OBLIG
AND INDIFFERENT SEA
SWEEP MY REFUSE
AWAY.

rdan and I
ed over what
d happened
us together,
afterward
to me.

I'm
engaged.

doubted
but there
e several
ould have
rried at
nod of
r head.

You did
throw me over
on the telephone.

Do you remember
a conversation we
had once about
driving a car?

Why—not
exactly.

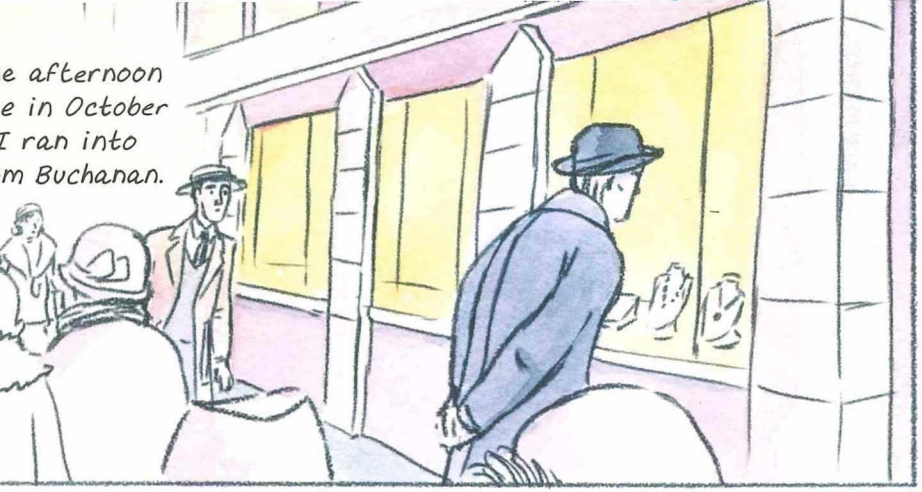
You said a bad
driver was only safe
until she met another
bad driver?

Well, I met
another bad driver,
didn't I? It was careless
of me to make such
a wrong guess.

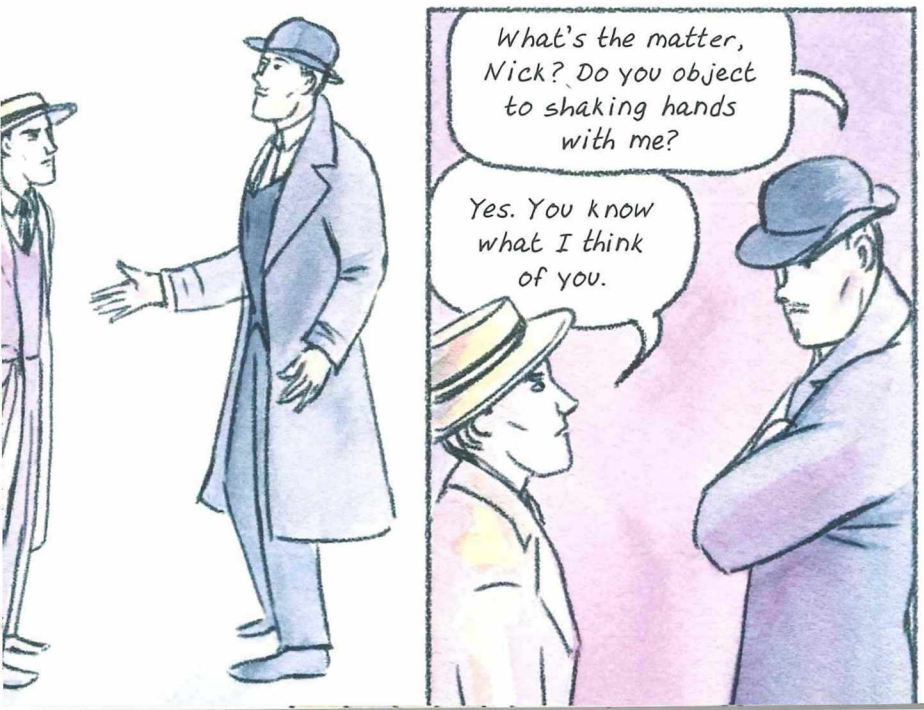
I thought you were
rather an honest,
straightforward person.
I thought it was your
secret pride.

I'm thirty.
I'm five years
too old to lie to
myself and call
it honor.

ANGRY, AND
HALF IN LOVE WITH HER,
AND TREMENDOUSLY SORRY,
I TURNED AWAY.


e afternoon
e in October
I ran into
m Buchanan.

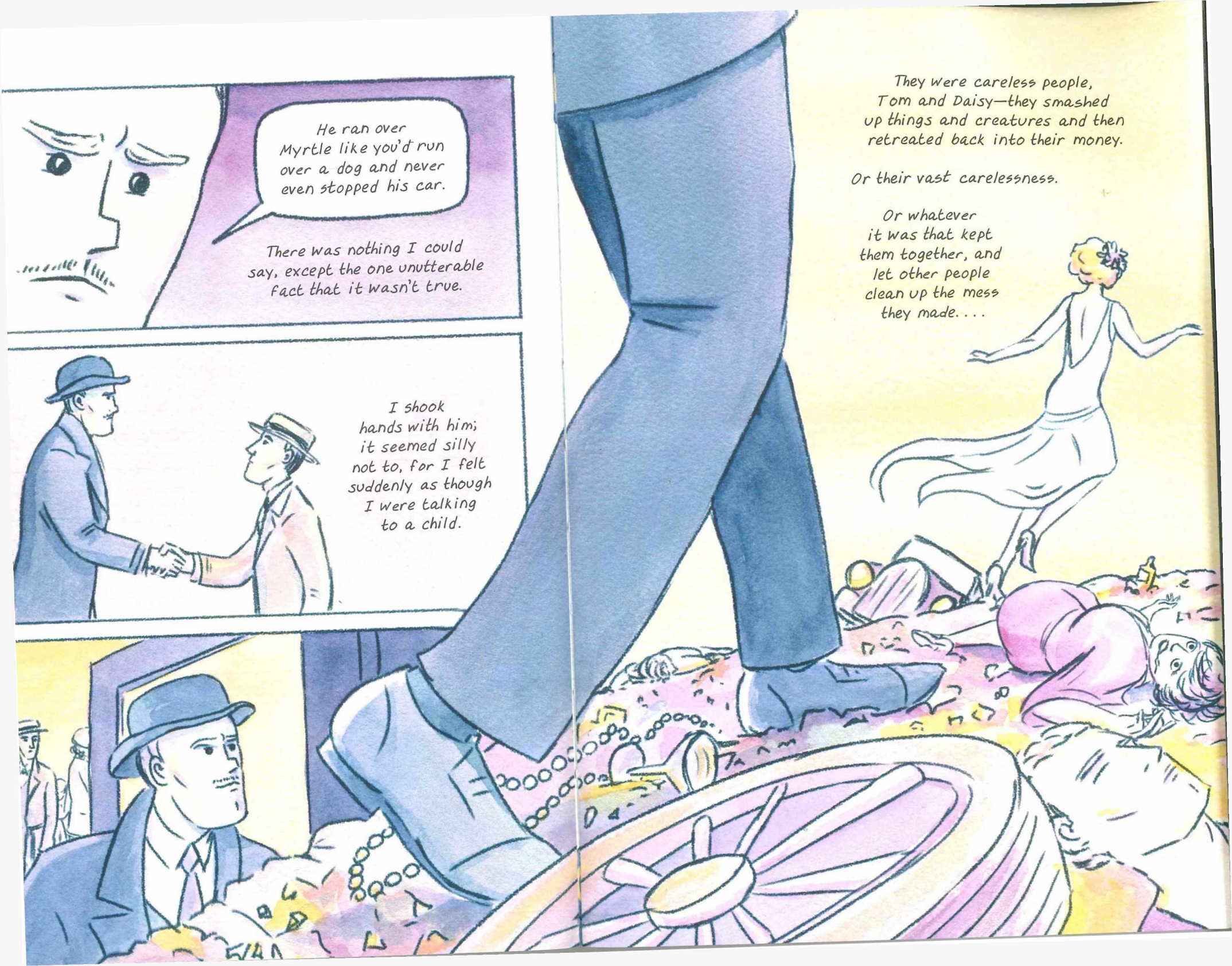
ck!


What's the matter, Nick? Do you object to shaking hands with me?
Yes. You know what I think of you.

You're crazy, Nick.
Tom, what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?

I told him the truth.

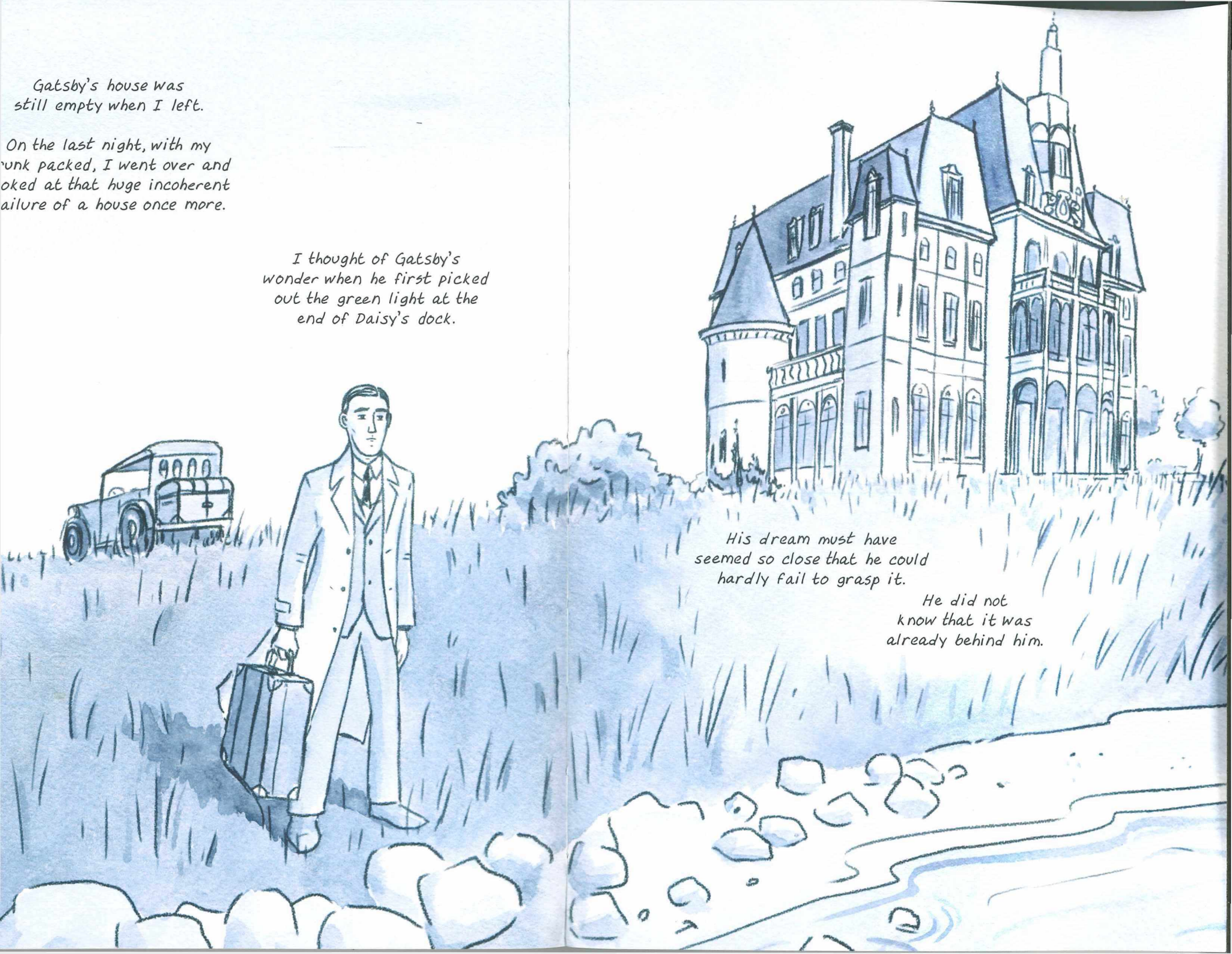
He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car—
What if I did tell him?
That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's.


He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car.
There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.
I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child.
They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money.
Or their vast carelessness.
Or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they made. . . .

Gatsby's house was
still empty when I left.

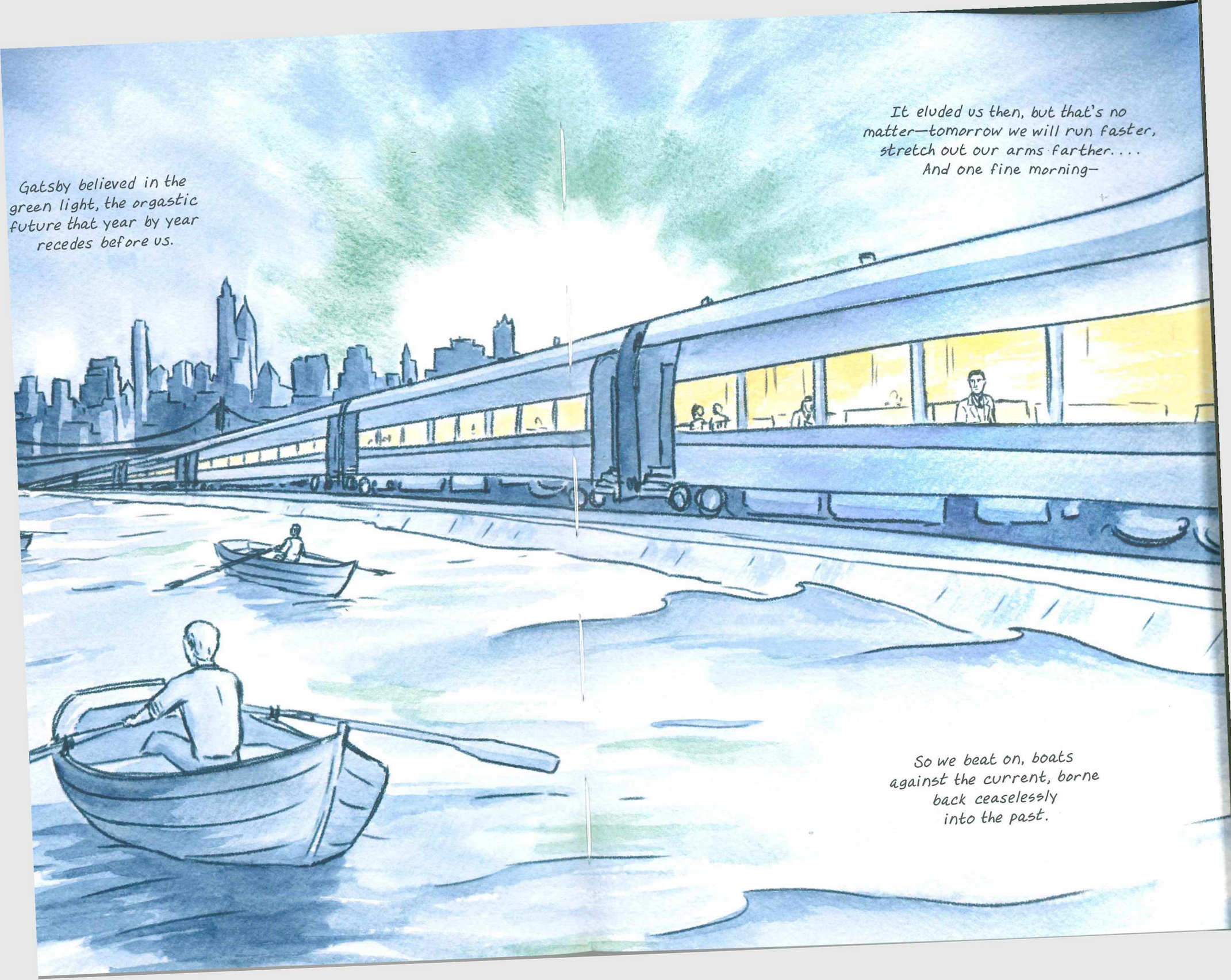
On the last night, with my
unk packed, I went over and
oked at that huge incoherent
ailure of a house once more.

I thought of Gatsby's
wonder when he first picked
out the green light at the
end of Daisy's dock.



His dream must have
seemed so close that he could
hardly fail to grasp it.

He did not
know that it was
already behind him.


Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us.
It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning—
So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.